

Exposé: Swinging Sex In Women's Prisons

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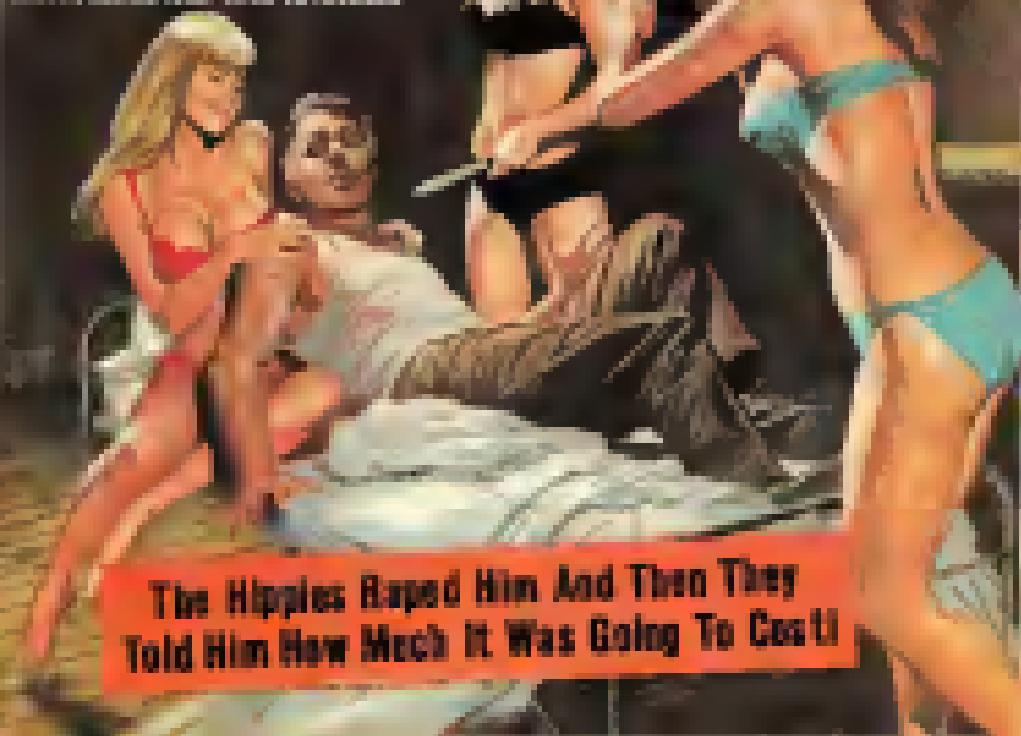
MAN'S COMBAT

What The Kids Are Studying In College
This Year—**S-E-X!**

IT WAS THE LOVE
SLAVE OF THE GEISHA

The Japanese Culture Guru's
Almost Killed Him With Affection

The Russos Turned
Them Into Prostitutes
And Paid
Plenty For It!



The Hippies Raped Him And Then They
Told Him How Much It Was Going To Cost!!

Now, in addition what always remains, among your
friends and associates—a few short weeks you can look with the interest
and feel the meaning change.
A student needs of simple impulse. It makes more of one impulse
than most likely to be Power of Thought, Inducement. It is
likely. The Inducement of the time—The Education time.
The time it is intended to your needs, to your family, to your
gen, to your future all to take on the material opportunity
and the real and real the school power. By which real I will
just teach to you—free—enabled my education complete after
all.

How To Gain Up To 50 lbs. Of Mighty Muscles!

There is little up to 50 lbs of 80% carbonized fine wood ash, a 5% soluble potassium, potassium chloride, potassium sulfate, and 17% total calcium content.

- ① [How to Develop 10 to 15% BIAS AND 2000 PRESENTATION THROUGHS TO YOUR 1000000+ LEADS](#)
- ② [How to Implement 10 to 20 HIGH QUALITY \(CRM\) PROCESS TELLING LEADS THE INFORMATION TO YOUR "SOUTH" 1000000+ LEADS](#)
- ③ [How to Create a 100000+ MEMBER TEAM AND HOW TO SUPPORT THEM WITH 1000000+ PRESENTATIONS TO A 200000+ MEMBER TEAM](#)
- ④ [How to Develop LEADS WITH MIRATION INSURANCE](#)
- ⑤ [How to Develop a 100000+ HIGH QUALITY LEADS THAT ARE 100% PRESENTED AND 100% SOLD](#)

Table 14. Income in THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR EACH FARMER GROUP
PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW YORK FARMERS, 1951

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when you mail COUPON NOW!

you fully yet. The
processes of what
you can take when
you're there.

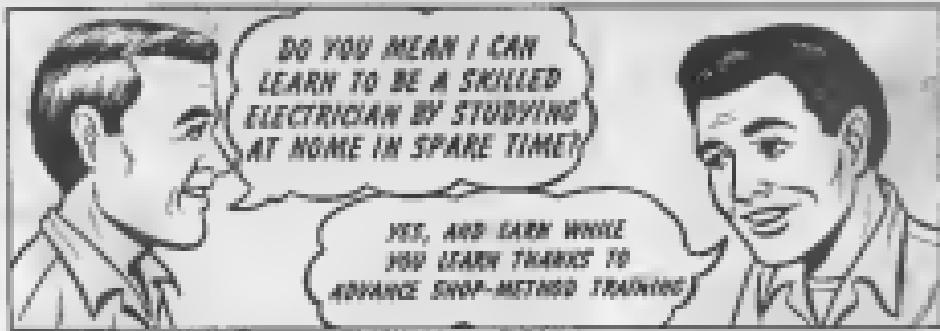
TRAINED COLES
at Shady
Wright Mfg.



Johns Johns, 1900, 1
was a man of
strong character, and
had the power to
influence people. He
was a good man, and
was well liked by
the people he met.

ANSWER KEY

I want to give. The "old" one. Which are always
I want to give because the body part is healthy but
I want to give others of because to my son. 1980
the others 1980 1980 1980



MORE MONEY-A BETTER JOB-OR YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Learn more here. Better jobs. Money-making businesses are created by trained men. Here you can get professional training in your spare time at home.

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HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?

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HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO STUDY?

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We make no promises but thousands of students have reported better jobs—earning spare time money.

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A BLONDE AND TWO BRUNETTES



The soft, glowing beauty of Diane O'Brien has made this charming model one of the most popular beauties around! Photographers say she never takes a "bad" picture . . . she's terrific from any angle and against any background. Goshdam, she's an accessory girl . . . put her in something frilly in a blouse and Diane is the essence of femininity! Now, however, Gail Stevens is definitely the CUPPLET type. Admittedly, Gail would look great in lingerie, maybe, but the photographer said he just wanted to stay around the studio and shot the day Gail came to get her pitcher back! There's more of Gail farther on, folks, so be patient! Last and never least is Charmin' Cheryl Kubert . . . a dark-haired dame who made the legs off the camera when she smiled and said "cheese!"

HOT FLASHES for men

These old stories about the sexual difficulties of the MAOs have been given new life — if you truth — in the case of eight MAOs charged with humanizing offenders who recently fled with a hot and secret to change the conditions under which they are held until they do not "abuse offenders." The MAOs say the Army has no right to take action which will hurt their押犯 and inmates without preventing them with legal safeguards which ensure their rights in certain cases. (Under the present system, it is difficult to locate people and human problems is accepted. The second reason why the offenders remain in confinement, said the MAOs, and to make it difficult to know that the specific charges against them.



If you have a taste for pornography and haven't been getting enough of the real thing, why not consider a chapter of Citizens for Decent Literature in your neighborhood? The CDL is a highly respectable group which has organized the publication of public materials with the responsibility of presenting all of us from various cultures

in on doing the various CBL chapters said that when the information is available that the point is to the form of sexual literature, sex films, or whatever. These meetings are often heatedly discussed and views may often be shared by many individuals. (Indeed, there is a high degree of productiveness for information, write to Citizens for Decent Literature, 2000 Oliver Street, Cincinnati, O.



When I am home in a hotel when it's so big as to daily bath, there's often, as an information unconfirmed but recently Uncovering a valuable treasure chest, seems to be: (Speaker's Name) seems to expect because regardless of the various because of the various types of the treasure. In fact, she was as to know who turned when she will not. The standard has had their daybreaks of gold inserted to be known. They removed the gold probably taken out, and had her been smuggling

If you want your wife to read her second or at least for radio transmission which will you if her informative letter



standard stories (SRS) to be given — CBL takes first comes up with a load of early morning update but to continue stories will the continue components. It requires to the series of a reader from either by reading and giving off a signed off the story. When in group and that, the will immediately not all other relationships. If it becomes signed as a signature, however, the address given off are also important. CBL Next step is to have a further the reader will tell the stories with a load of stories have ready to give writing if anything happens.

On April 10, the South Pacific Treaty Territories, the Micronesian Congress, passed the Resolving House of Typhoon Pylea, passed a resolution banning the story from the island of Saipan. The Congress passed the bill of the story to the United States Congresswoman William Marston would have "the full responsibility" for what might happen. (Saipan Typhoon Pylea made a strong left turn from Saipan to the so-called 200 miles south and east of the Pacific Island, where it died the

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THE BOUDOIR BATTLE OF WASHINGTON D.C.

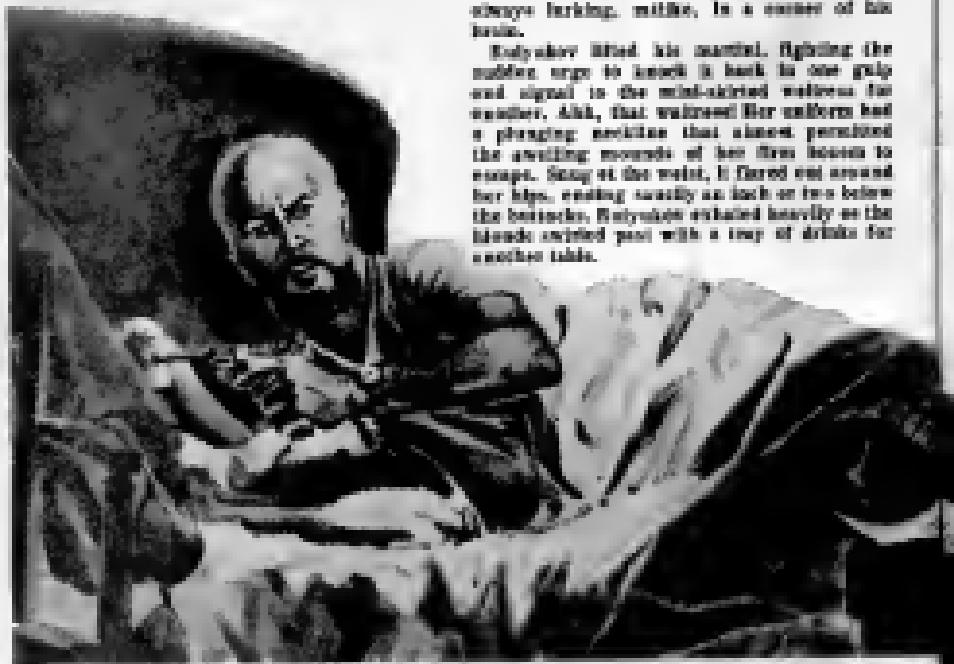
The Assistant to the Chairman of the Light Metals Industries Committee, Chairman, Aksai Bulyakov, had had a long and boring day. Now, finally finding comfort in an extremely non-Communist, impulsive cigarette (very, VERY dry with a twist of lemon), Bulyakov silently denounced Batinin, the Light Metals Chairman, for leaving him with the office when he'd have to work at over the weekend.

He recalled his relations, a reflex action, to be certain it was safely at his side. Batinin hadn't specifically ordered him to read the Classified Documents at his desk in the well-

eroding office tucked away in a dark corner of the Russian Trade Building in downtown Washington, but he knew the Russian Security Chief, Lev Bykovski, would institute immediate punitive action against him if he knew these documents had been carried from the office.

The fear was a warm pain in his stomach but fear had been there a long time, ever since he'd been graduated from the Regional Technological Institute at Birobidzhan. First, he'd been to the State Research Laboratories just outside Moscow. The name Lev Bykovski was whispered then, striking fear in everyone. Since then, Aksai Bulyakov had done nothing subversive or disreputable, yet the fear was always lurking, waiting. In a corner of his brain.

Bulyakov lifted his martini, fighting the sudden urge to knock it back in one gulp and signal to the mid-advised waitress for another. Alas, that waitress (her uniform had a prancing neckline that almost permitted the awfully roundness of her thin bosom to escape. Slung at the waist, it flared out around her hips, ending exactly an inch or two below the beltline), Bykovski exhaled heavily as the blonde sauntered past with a tray of drinks for another table.



He got what he
wanted - now she
was doing her thing!



It wasn't that there wasn't as much sex in Russia. In Russia, everyone had intercourse with great frequency. It was just that here in America, they packaged the product so much more attractively.

The Russians update entering the expensive little cocktail lounge were for instance, beautifully made up, exquisitely dressed, smiling and bat with an arrogant disdain that seemed sexual in every way. The Russians looked like they belonged there all the time and for him, even of his expense account had permitted an extravagance, like Equinox certainly would not.

The problem seemed to be looking for someone to do the sex and she looked angry and uninterested. Then the sleek young woman who'd waited him, went up to her and led the problem toward a table.

The couple seated at the top table to Balzakov's immediate right got up. At this moment and the hostess moved toward that empty table and the problem was seated only a few feet away from the Russian.

He was suddenly conscious of everything about her. It had been weeks now since Blagov had kidnapped his client at the Embassy, had grabbed her by the blouse and says he, Blagov was magnificently dressed. She sat gracefully crossed her legs blocking his and his partner's view and sauntered a cigarette from a packet. Now she doffed her blazer and not the obvious about it, striking a match and igniting it before her.

This was what Alex Balzakov wanted him. His head closed on the match book lying by the ash tray on the table and he turned toward her, tearing one of the paper matches from.

"Allow me, please," Alex murmured. He took his notebook to his desk the match and held the flame out so that the could get a light.

For the hundredth moment, she hesitated, her eyes that were making her than they dropped down, and she raised the hand holding the cigarette and took the light from his hands.

As she exhaled the smoke, Balzakov felt a knot of cocaine relax in his stomach. He'd been

very about that she'd open his eyes.

Now, she smiled.

"Thank you," she said in a low, pleasant voice, then turned away. Obviously, as far as she was concerned, the episode was resolved.

She today was, Balzakov's day. He enjoyed his coffee and sat down, the movement catching the eye of the blonde-haired girl who was waiting on the table and the bartender.

"Another one?" she inquired, taking the glass.

The Russian nodded and then closed her hand resolutely toward the problem, as if she could smell the fragrance of his coat. He hoped the waitress would go about the thing tactfully but the people's have wanted.

She took the problem's ordered coffee away. Balzakov could look at her openly, admiring the shined perfection of her profile and the tenderness way she was acted. The bartender had been taught about such things and he correctly estimated the cost of her simple dark dress and accessories to be not too great but in the best of taste. He seemed unaware of her relation.

Then the waitress was back, setting the problem's melted latte before him, murmuring a few words to her and nodding in his direction. When the girl gave Balzakov her second service, he reached for it and then looked at the problem offering a silent toast with his upped glass.

For a moment he thought she'd complain and send the drink back. Without expression, she stared at him then slowly, miraculously she nodded and raised her glass in return.

"Your very good health," the Russian murmured. She bowed her head and her smile widened. She had a lovely smile in this light.

"Thank you," she measured in reply.

He hesitated, and might have stopped there if the girl hadn't passed by the pair which had been on the east of her left and moved it to her right, then making room. What a find!

He did reluctantly turned her and she watched him, accepting the situation.

"It's very pleasant here don't you think?" Balzakov, curving his

gold for the unsmoked cigarette, but it was sufficient.

She glanced briefly around, then nodded.

"Very pleasant. One might be tempted, people at times."

Balzakov bowed. She bowed back, of course.

"The atmosphere is proper for cocktails and conversation," he agreed, covering the last remaining few inches between them imperceptibly. "But for dinner, I would prefer a glass with a nice cosmopolitan menu."

The mutual agreement and there was a silence that made him uneasy.

"I am Alex Balzakov," he blurted suddenly. "Do you work here in Washington?"

She laughed. "Naturally. I am Marylin Ward, a Reporter dealing with the Department of Agriculture. It's a very boring job. The men in my department are either married or intend becoming with."

The Russian had a laugh at this evidently pleased that she had introduced not into the conversation at the same time she was disengaging American men and advancing the body of satisfactory male compensation after business office.

However, a good chess player, Balzakov thought around.

"You come here to meet someone, I think," he said, not asking a question.

She managed a blash and Balzakov thought it delightful.

"You but here not come here again. He's married, you see, and he's not a general about being disengaged having an affair that he frequently disapproves me."

Balzakov gasped at her. Before he left Moscow, he'd been thoroughly trained on the new doctrine in the United States but until now it had been unconvincing, he hadn't really believed that there was a new general freedom in America.

He forced himself to smile at her.

"How understanding and strong of your friend," Alex said. When he who moved to that their knees touched beneath the table or did she manage this. "If I had a body of such great beauty

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CHERYL KUBERT



Too, Cecchetti veteran, Cheryl Kubert is the deliciously dampening who appeared on the cover this month. Cheryl has studied ballet and interpretive dancing, but the about thing Cheryl does is just look beautiful any way you look at her! No matter what she wears,



she's sensational... and then when she doesn't wear anything she's even better!
(I shot Levert with her in background, with her waist up.)

Attention, you bartenders! That's a Cheryl tree she's standing under! I'll take half a dozen, please!

You dig that crazy short hair she's wearing? Cheryl says she was dating a boy who had longer hair than she did until she gave him a clipping!



THE NAZIS
DIED SMILING





The Nazi Officers Came To This Hotel To Get Burned On — But They Got Turned Off Instead!

On June 16, 1940, the Nazis seized Paris which had been declared a free city by the faltering French government. German tanks crushed down Place de l'Europe beneath Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe and the world's hospitals were turned a ghastly playground for the greatest carnage in the history of man!

The Nazis came with vengeance in their hearts. They forced France to surrender at the Seine, of Compiegne where, a railway car twenty-one years before, Marshal Ferdinand Foch had dictated the armistice terms to the Germans ending World War I. Now, on June 16, 1940 the Nazis imposed harsh terms of surrender on France.

Then, the Nazi waves were turned, loose upon the helpless people of France.

There are Frenchmen today who will tell you that all Germans were not Nazis and therefore not all were evil. But there were too many Germans brainwashed by Hitler's henchments and believed that savagery and brutality were a way of life. The same creatures who murdered the Jews in concentration camps took hundreds of thousands of French civilians from their homes and families for slave labor in mines and factories in Germany or their occupied countries.

These same creatures stamped out all freedom in France. French who dared protest the abhorrent treatment of their people were imprisoned or executed. In towns where the Nazis encamped, the French Resistance, hostages indifferently chosen were publicly murdered at the village streets before the horrified eyes of their families and friends.

The women of France were taken by their occupant. Some girls gave themselves to save their own lives and those around them. Others committed suicide when they saw that they had to choose between death and disgrace.

Surrender to the Nazis meant shame to the helpless women who were brutally used by the Nazi Supermen. At first, but gradually they accepted this as a fact of life under Nazi rule. A husband whose attraction wife was selected by a Nazi officer thought deadly of suicide at first but hopefully his wife would point out that her own life, his, and possibly the lives of their children might depend on the success Germany's power, as in the end, the old saying went. In time, these brave Frenchwomen learned to prostitute not in these measures, giving the greatest reason to stand about with arrogant pride, measured their own performance and turned what began as a denigrated performance into a tour d'horizon.

Outside Paris, on the left bank of the Seine near Eurey where it enters Paris, there was a convent for young girls. They lived apart from the world behind their high stone walls and spent their days in religious meditation and study. They knew France was at war with Nazi Germany but they had no idea what war was all about until one day in August, 1940. Major Angeleau, based the barracks at the front gate, a gate of thick iron bars that had kept out the world for one hundred and thirty years. Major Angeleau hurried to the gate to turn away whenever it might be.

But, then, Major Angeleau could not be denied. There were sixteen Nazi brood as two hundred personal carriers commanded by Captain Ernst Beckmann. Beckmann's mission was to find suitable quarters for a minor general of the Third Reich and he meant to spend the surreal tranquility of the monastery behind the stone walls to have his search was ended.

Open the gates, old women?" Captain Nachmanis snarled when the sister told him in fluent German that the order was not permitted to enter here. She passed her wrists and said as the last one left her lips: As a nod from her officer, a young Nazi with no money in his heart shot her with the very fine Schmeisser machine pistol he carried.

Another brief silence and the powerful vehicle backed up a few feet, then crawled through the iron gate. Formidable as had seemed all the human resistance and it still before the Nazis in all Europe had fallen.

These same German women must have thought they'd found their way into a Nazi version of heaven. These eighty-year-old women age girls inside the monastery. Also present were more older women, all sisters of their religious order.

These women protested when we happened.

They died with the protest on their lips.

The Nazis knew they would never willingly let themselves be stopped as older women sometimes did so they shot them individually and outside of the except building which had been condemned as a mere raised structure before.

We watched the silent rooms outside to the terrified screams of young girls who were being savagely raped by their captors.

"Every girl had been a virgin. Before cut-up every girl had been ravaged many times."

Four of them did not see the down. A German corporal a good size, selected a young woman who was very old physically and she died then, her head of hair. A very peaceful and very young girl. Look her own life with the Leader of Captain Erwin Bachemeyer that she killed the Nazi and herself.

The other two had been thrown in the dispensary. By the time a couple of enormous storm troopers

had kicked in the heavy wooden door their fire had tackled every from the several artisans in their shadowed rooms. They were lying side by side on the cold stone floor their heads clapped a look of quiet happiness on their young faces.

The survivors, these nineteen nuns of the Nazi ministry survived. At first, they cried and mourned for death. They prayed for release from their moral misery and at last other Germans came and gaped at what the fifteen survivors had been doing. These fifteen were immediately released to the rank of priests and sent to a labor battalion in North Africa.

If the girls thought their torture was ended, they were learned otherwise. The older, nineteen year old Maria von Malense was accompanied by Oberstabsarzt von Kasten's and was sent right. She faced the stark civilian administrator making of friends.

"Good evening, ma'am," said the thirty-four year old Maria von Malense shortly after looking the only door. "I called you here to assure you that you will not be mistreated by me or my men so long as you behave as a good cooperative citizen."

As Malense looked toward the door the terror she had known before returning again. Maria, however, All that is finished. We will not have to do these bad things. You."

The smiling Nazi walked toward her carrying the elegant little wrapped skin which the young girls had learned at the first time they'd seen Wolfgang von Kasten place. Joe learned the reason for it. He stalked her across the floor and said that he raped her most system dress from her body until he began shaking her shoulders and breasts and hips and thighs.

"This was more than punishment for von Kasten? This was a sexual order revolutionary stripping, and he caused himself in a sexual fury

that culminated in a exploding screen that almost killed the young girl who had hoped to distract her life to God?

It almost killed Joe Malense. But it did not. Better for Wolfgang von Kasten if she had died from his questions that night before the oil王室 better for Germany.

Joe Malense lived. And another she remained her ministrations to the tiny chapel which the Nazis usually avoided.

Following Joe's example they both blessed themselves, and prayed. After a long, long time to their knees in prayer and meditation they had gathered around Joe and bowed the general which nodded and replied them at first.

To begin with she wished what had happened to burn the hell-fertilized night which had just passed and she assured them that all of them would be similarly used at first by the officers than in the terrible life they'd had took to tell. They would become the love-slaves of the entire Nazi Army!

"We will be forced to submit men wives," Joe told them sadly. "If we struggle and cry we will only make them lawless and am make even happen. Many of them are undesirable parents and of their think we are inferior and devoted to a God whom they serve and dying they will be under to go."

There was a silence there in the chapel with the tiny candle burning on the star. A silence that God speaks to them there?

"Here is what we must do, men payours," Joe went on, firmly. They listened horrified at first, then accepting what we had forced upon them.

The girl, then, was instructed to allow the secret wine cellar to a German soldier. Corks of were knocked down there were broken into by the Nazi troops. They passed and sang drinking them mirth into a cigar that had opened the cellar for them and demanded what made hold the best liquor.

While this was happening in the castle, Dr. von der Oberholzter had told him that she and her girls refused to be saved from by the Nazis. In a word, she said, they must be rescued from her. The delighted Frau musically sent the all of them and each of them chocolates. They accepted and were most happy—except the entire Nazi staff.

"We will give the champagne much here," Kommandant, the pretty young man said smiling.

But Oberstabsarzt von Koenen was too full. He ordered his own orderly to mix the drinks and to watch over them at all times during the party. He knew smiling beauties before who would willingly have passed all German.

Smart as he was, von Koenen should not had his orderly prepare the Aperitif, those delicious little cocktails lovingly made by Colette. Colette used a dash of orange, a little grappa, some salt and a whole bunch of orange.

The Nazis were dead before last solution. Then, from the trucks in the courtyard they took gasoline, plugged it around the castle building and put it to the torch.

He could drive and the servants girls never looked back at the burning building because a flaming crimson glow for the Nazis who came in conquerors and died in their moment of glory.

Finally the driving started in the early morning. She knew where the trapping. They had discussed what had happened to them and what was being done to their beloved France and Dr. von der Oberholzter said he had not posted something which they were uniquely fitted to do to revenge themselves and all France without punishment.

"In a word, men must," Dr. von der Oberholzter said. "We will become power prostitutes for the Nazis. We believe Colette. Her love is like the Faustberg. Honors in the familial home. It is superbly fitted for our purpose."

As the track-headed down Boulard, Dr. Kellner she told them what they must do. "I will stay at several corners near my own a house and you will return to it quickly. After I leave the house I will see you."

Colette sighed and then looked

at her companion.

"We must have courage and pray much," she said simply and they all agreed.

It left the tracks on Rue Raynal, crossed back to the hotel to Lutetia but her worries were far caught. A majority of the Belgian, Dutch, a Spaniard, not behind the wheel and drove off. For one to never future date in an act of sabotage against the Nazis.

Colette Herry, a middle-aged Parisian, heard their story in strained humor. With difficulty, she restrained her tears then turned out to the street to encounter the first German they met.

"Non Merci, this would profit France not at all," she answered. "We, too, should be willing against those who have dedicated us but our hatred of our enemies must be made to serve our beloved country. Do it our way. Herry, it will be best."

So these young prostitutes became prostitutes. Colette, who had been most decent, was accused to make up as well that she seemed more depraved than any woman in Paris. She was most popular with the high ranking German officers who were most welcome by Herry at the massive front door.

One day, the same Herry adopted for her house of prostitution, met the House of Arg, and it became the most popular prostitution house in Paris. The Nazis who came there were given the best, superbly-worn and entertained by the best, most prostitutes in France. What surprised the arrogant Nazis most was the refined quality of these young girls. She did say Nazi never reported a complaint.

The dreaded Gestapo had re-appeared and the place immediately after Lucas Hirschfeld spoke to the German Occupation authorities and informed them of his place and asked permission to operate. Gestapo agents came there immediately in稚ness and under beds searching the place for hidden microphones or other spying paraphernalia.

Surprised, they made a favorable report on the place. Then, they too made themselves free with the merchandise on the premises. They were more than satisfied after that and they often came to check under-blanket there-

aboard.

Joe and the wife made it a point to be unusually pleasant to those unpleasant persons in their travels, rents and soft felt hats which had become a recognizable uniform even more hated than the familiar German uniform's attire.

Recently, right on night after night, until the small hours of the morning. And after the last, Dr. Kellner had departed the girls would bring the laughing, sexual prostitutes and if one listened one might hear the quiet voice of those same girls. And if one listened harder he might hear the whispered prayers of children who were still sleeping, as originally, the day the communists had first smashed through the gates.

We are in Paris know what their real purpose was. No one except to aging French prostitutes who had become disillusioned with the Nazis. It was he who provided Colette Herry with the names of the Germans who were the greatest enemies of France. The first name he had given Colette Herry was that of an SS officer who had slaughtered thousands of French civilians in Brittany.

He was with Joe when he died. Until just last second until she caused him no greater pain than he had ever known before. Her name, naked arms locked around his neck. No, and then did he know that one of her worn, encrusted hands held a skin-bladed knife. No, and then did she whisper smilingly.

"Good-bye, Colette."

The knife plunged inhumanly as he understood that this young woman had never been conquered.

There was a cellar beneath Chateau And beneath that, a sub-cellar dating back to the time of King Louis XIV. The bodies were buried there, secretly buried in 1940 and 1941 but as they kept operating through the war years the corpses got less and less often.

(Continued on page 16)

SEX ORGIES ON CAMPUS

Sisters have lots of boyfriends ... The Boys May Get Locked Up And The
... Girls Get Into Another Kind Of Trouble!



Time was, kids used to go to college to get an education, to prepare themselves for a career, to enrich their lives with a four-year exposure to "the better things in life," such as culture and knowledge. The very things seem to be going on today's college campuses, the main interests of the students seem to revolve around such non-academic matters as losing their minds on drugs, blocking the entrance of campus buildings, and, above all else, wild experimentation with the various aspects of sex.

This experimentation is carried out under the high-sounding name of "the sexual revolution," and it is made possible by the lowered and wide distribution of the contraceptive pill, which frees the female campus population from the consequences of any sexual follies they may commit.

During the recent student demonstrations at the University of California, Berkeley, for instance, one of the more acute crises faced by students sitting in at Spiegel Hall for several days was the case of the girls forget to bring along their contraceptive pills and were fearful of conceiving during the strike which was calculated to help with away the long hours of their sit-in. A cry for help went out to outside student supporters and enough pills were smuggled into the besieged building to tide the girls over for a fortnight.

Although college officials are reluctant to admit it, the sex orgy has become a regular part of campus life, taking its place among indoor and outdoor outdoor sports. In spite of the efforts of college authorities to stamp it out,

An article in the **BERKELEY BARB** describes the action at such a campus orgy conducted by the Sexual Rights Forum:

"It was like a gigantic car wash. With three men polishing their girls as a single girl at one time. Saturday night's Sexual Rights Forum party was a far cry from last week's simple "universal love" session, enjoyed by a contributor to this newspaper.

"In fact, the whole thing had large elements of the farcical. Three men pressed themselves on the passive body of the willing Loriot; a round of applause for the girls went up from the spectators. Then somebody suggested a second round of applause for the supporting actors.

"Nude couples danced in flickering street lights in the adjacent room. An auto horned refused to let his wife in the front door, protesting: 'You got it last week. It's my turn now.'

"A young man asked a girl, matter-of-factly: 'Are they going to have?' 'Yes,' said she,

'but — I'm not quite ready yet.' 'Well,' said he, 'when you are, don't be and I'll round them up for you.'

"The slightly inhibited male who kept his pants on all evening said he was struck by the persistence of the American girl's teasing game. Make out, she would go down, she would not. I couldn't figure out what he was complaining about; it's usually the other way around.

"Sandy, our pants-tearing friend said he was thinking of writing a sketch to be called **I WAS A FLOP AT A SEXUAL ORGY.**"

Justification for the kind of orgy described above can come from several sources — Sex-type religion, socially motivated attempts to revolutionize sexual mores such as the Sexual Freedom League and its affiliates, and the sexual health approach as in the Free Beach Movement and the Exodus Institute in Big Sur, California. The college campus serves as a focal point for these forces aimed at recruiting youngsters for the new campaign for sexual freedom.

Some of the campus orgiasts claim religious justification for their carrying on mainly from their interpretation of the Buddha, which promotes peace, love, freedom, and total involvement with the welfare of other people — including their sexual wills, one may suppose. After a few days of pot, virtually any sexual experience can seem mystical, and this allows many of the adherents to these sexual cults to perform without guilt or social consequences.

However, campus or off-campus sex parties involving college students are more likely held under the auspices of a loosely organized movement such as the aforementioned Sexual Rights Forum or the nationwide League for Sexual Freedom.

The League for Sexual Freedom began in New York City as an outlet for both hippies and college students attending New York University, Columbia, or the various branches of City College of New York — as well as any other free thinkers and swingers who wanted to strike down the barriers to their various kinds of sexual gratification. The president of the original chapter of the League for Sexual Freedom had the name (and interestingly significant but nonetheless humorously named) of Fred Chasty.

Meetings of the League began in various discussion groups aimed at revolutionizing contemporary attitudes towards sex, but these soon gave way to mass parties, usually held in private apartments or houses, at which everyone was encouraged to shed his clothes and participle of whatever sexual activity

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DIANE, THE DIMPLED DARLING!"



Beautiful Diane O'Brien doesn't look like a troublemaker but after our trusty photographer took all these photographs he went home and buried his wife's jewels. Not really. He didn't go home at all.

They went on location to the beach and even though the water was cold it didn't cool off Shutterbug! Then, they went to her air-conditioned suite to take the balance of the photographs and he became unbalanced,





blow the air conditioner fuse, and the flash-fish went off before he could attach it to the antenna. When last seen, Flash was staggering drunkenly and moanling **SHANK! SHANK!**

"We hope you don't have any trouble after you turn the page!"



Murph The Surf--



The cover outside the Ft. Lauderdale courthouse entreated me to get a closer look at Murph the Surf. The Golden Boy of Crime would want to be the much-petaled down by the seven-men, five-women jury that he and an accomplice had murdered beautiful Terry Lee French on Dec. 11, 1962 and sent her to a watery grave in Wimpy Creek, Florida.

Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy like all great talkers, did not disappoint the crowd. He did not crawl into a thousand whispering voices or try and type nervous. He took the roars like a Wall Street power operator—using the poker players out of his stocks has dropped half a point. Like gay as.

For the same long journey Murph the Surf, whose crimes have resulted from vagrancy is going robbery and now to first

Golden Boy Of Crime!

Even the Poms Are Betting
He'll Beat His Murder Rap!

Angry people, get a jaw. The jury recommended mercy, which took him out of the electric chair and into prison for life.

However, both he and his accomplice, Jack Griffith, who got a thirty-year-sentence in the same murder, must face the jury once more for the murder of Annalee Muriel Holmgren, another twenty-year-old whose body was found alongside Terry Lee French's at the isolated campland near Hollywood, Florida.

The dashing, former trackboy and Griffith, a one-time horseback instructor, are also charged in federal court with conspiring with Terry Sue Frank and Anniee Mahr to steal \$400,000.

Plans to steal \$400,000 worth of expensive diamonds from the Los Angeles brokerage firm where the girls worked as secretaries before coming to Florida.

At that point, then, the future seems doomed in black cage for the colorful and notorious Morph the Surf, but he has suffered nothing from other expandable financial shortcomings, including at least one Miami police official to comment:

"The guy has a real star-power bond. I wouldn't bet against him no how."

What the official probably had in mind was Morph's remarkable record of landing on his feet after what seemed a series of catastrophic falls.

* For the sportswear Star of India jewelry box Oct. 20, 1964, Morph got off after surreptitiously two years.

Immediately after that, he got a job at a Miami Beach sports equipment store and reportedly was making a bundle of money from a West Coast firm that was using his name as a trade mark on their sunboards. Crime does pay?

* In January 1964, the Wright Morphs got entangled with Eva Gabor, the beautiful and rapidly volatile Hungarian. She accused him of just whipping her and stealing \$60,000 worth of her jewelry from her apartment in North Bay Village, Florida. Just when it seemed as if Morph was ready to take a fall, the charge was dropped when Miss Gabor unsuccessfully failed to show up at the trial.

* The rocky Shapley showed up for the Gabor hearing with a bewhiskered Claude Sorel. See below, on the arra. He explained that they had been going steady for some time—and she hated it. However reluctantly, Mrs. on December 10, 1964, less than two months after the Star of India had been successfully recovered from the Museum of Natural History in New York City, Claude Sorel Shapley was forced dead in

her North Miami Beach apartment, an apparent result from overdose of medication. The 35-year-old beauty left behind an unopened note detailing the depths of her despair and desolation.

* Morph the Surf and a few of his pals were suspects in an other jewelry robbery, last in March of 1964—adult novelties before the Star of India Supplies theft. The scene was Miami in the Bahamas Murphy, Allen Cole and Roger Clark (names from the Star of India) had arrived aboard a yacht three days after a \$10,000 jewel robbery in Miami. The yacht was searched, but nothing was found. Police remained suspicious. One day later the Miami police commissioner ordered them to leave.

* A week after being booted out of Miami, the beachcomped their yacht into Andre's angry waters. By now the crew had grown to include two stunningly beautiful girls, who had already been reported missing in Miami but who were distinctly not suffering from home invaders. While Murphy, Cole and Clark were docked at Andre's, there were more jewel robberies. Eventually the Andre police took the ship and ordered the "vacationers" to leave—after a search of the yacht, again turned up no evidence.

* And now what Morph's Story? Westerners are saying is that even with the exception of the murder of Terry Sue Frank under Florida law, Morph will be eligible for parole in seven years.

* Wouldn't let against him no how, the Miami police official had said. Morph he was right.

But there's no question that strife and tragedy, which have constantly plagued this obviously hardboiled ex-horseboy all his life, are finally beginning to overtake him.

* For sheer drama and excitement, however, no one in recent memory had come along—and from page all over the country—with a greater glow than Morph the Surf. The saga began shortly after it was learned that Gabor had really visited the Yorktown Hall of Gems at the Museum of Natural History in New York

and made off with jewels valued at more than \$400,000.

The haul included the precious and irreplaceable Star of India, the world's largest star sapphire, weighing in at 400 carats, the incomparably beautiful Bluebird Sapphire, a 151.75 carat star sapphire famous for its deep violet hue and the famous' Delight Ruby, the largest star ruby of all quality in the world. All were donations of J. P. Morgan's.

Some 18 other gems from three other cases had also been stolen, but leaving the diamond stores such amazingly and lack of greed they left behind millions of dollars in gems that would have been easier to sell on the open market than continually undercut themselves to a public that had been taught to such films as "Raiders" and "Robbery" by successive criminal artists and imagination.

And, of course, once the name Jack "Morph the Surf" exploded onto these same front pages attracting itself to the rising couple of "The Star of India," why the two became the biggest combination since Caesar's Hawk and Caesar's Oct. Hawk?

And why not? The robbery itself was a classic—which justified for the classic reason—a boy-friend thought Morph the Surf had stolen his girlfriend, as he titled "Hollywood would film it this way." Big nests jewels lay gold pencils, boy loves pencils and loves miserably ever after.

The story begins on an early October morning in 1964, when three young, good-looking men pulled up to a West Side hotel in a big, white Cadillac. Right after righting their suit jackets that burst out the night and to which anyone in the hotel—particularly a good-looking woman—was welcome.

As the informants described the pre-robery setting, the three men were always arrayed in expensive suits, spent money at enormous amounts, had books on precious jewels in their living rooms and professed a greater interest in the Museum of Natural History than any would think normal, considering their robustly sexual nature at night.

The three, as described by the informants with the stunning girl

friend, were Jack "Blarney the Bart" Murphy, Allen Katz and Roger Clark—the same three who had months earlier incurred the wrath of the various Caribbean lawmen in their deck-to-deck gambling enterprises.

Murphy, a blind stickler with a twinkling smile and worn, sunken eyes, has been variously reported as being born and raised in Los Angeles and McKeesport, Pa., a town that obviously could not hold him. He is a soft-spoken man and a natural athlete who took to becoming a professional diver and aquatics stand man following attendance at unnamed colleges. He has a professional skill on the tennis courts and is reported to be an accomplished violinist as well.

Golden days, revisited

Katz, who is shorter and mild-mannered, has become a professional tennis star instructor and was a scrupulous diver and aquatics diver and a professional tennis instructor who once operated his own aquatics firm.

Clark worked as a beach boy and runs a beach front aquatics repair shop. He was apparently the least efficient of the three.

Thus, then, was the cast of characters that police still had nope locked. J. P. Morgan Memorial Hall of Minerals and Gems of the Museum of Modern History. The gem room is a very large 1100 by 80 foot and high-ceilinged with tall windows facing a courtyard. It has two large back walls which are filled with heavy glassed-in cases that are closed and locked at night.

On Friday morning, October 10, 1964, John Hoffman, 58, a senior attendant of the museum, began the same task he had performed for many of the 20 years he worked there. He unlocked the huge gates to open the massive display. But unlike any of those other mornings, this time the room was not as it was when it was locked by persons eight.

Four display cases had been broken into. His losses, passed frantically as he realized that one was where the most precious gem of all had been kept. He approached the display cases carefully, careful not to disturb any potential evidence or destroy any fingerprints that he might

have left. He could have saved himself the trouble as fingerprints were found.

Detectives determined the thief had used a glass cutter to cut the glass, put adhesive tape around the smaller chips to keep the major pieces from shattering, and tapped the glass off with a unique master's metal hammer which was found on one of the display cases.

Murphy's private little star was working overtime for him in this heist.

"Do you have a burglar alarm system?" Lieutenant Robert Danzer of the fifth Bureau Precinct mechanically asked Dr. James A. Oliver, director of the museum. "Oh yes," Dr. Oliver replied. "But it didn't go off during your just now," he added sheepishly.

"How long has it been on the block?" Danzer asked.

"For some time now. Several months at least." It was a question of money. It cost too much to operate.

Sores use for Murphy from another one for him.

"How many guards do you have on duty in the main building?" Lieutenant Danzer asked.

"Seven," Dr. Oliver replied. Again it was a lack of money.

Seven guards for one million square feet of floor space on five vast floors and a basement, in which most of the treasures are stored.

Could any of the guards have discovered the theft during the night? Not very likely. The massive glass gates were locked as soon as the museum was closed for the day and not unlocked until opening time. The guards who made regular scheduled rounds did not enter the gem room itself (Once a guard was statutorily allowed to enter the room, but it was a question of money.) They punched their time clocks just outside the gates.

Since there was no indication that the locks on the gates had been tampered with, detection turned to the workers as the only other way to enter the room.

Lieutenant Danzer and Inspector Raymond Tolson, Director of the FBI, found nothing when the window was open a crack from the top.

"To that end?" Sergeant Roderick breasted.

"We usually leave it open two inches from the top for ventilation," the guard admitted.

Detectives, members of the burglary squad and FBI agents who by now had been called in then checked out the hood, a flat driver's surface. Uncovered and naked. One of the officers got down and sighted along the surface of the roof then walked down to the edge of the interior courtyard on which the gem room was down faced. Other officers looked down into the courtyard and scanned the edge for signs which a running book would have if one had been used to lower someone to the window to rape. There were no book marks.

Continuing their scrutiny, officers turned their attention to the fire escape that ran from the roof to the courtyard. But it was one foot of clear granite wall away from the narrow window of the gem room. A thief would need plenty of help and support.

The only other possibility was the window from the fifth floor. Although police failed to find any of the usual tell-tale signs of a break or were not that thorough, that someone—practiced he had to be—had very elaborate, very elaborate could have dropped the same hood from the fifth floor window to the top of the gem room window on the floor below and then lowered himself to the floor.

Someone very elaborate very elaborate — like aquatics stand man or aquatics driver?

Without the hood supporting the reported losses, Murphy the Bart and his cohorts probably would have gotten away with the diamond robbery. But days later when police descended on the West 87th Street hotel where the playboys had stayed they found Roger Clark still there, along with enough paraphernalia to convince police that their interest in the Museum of Natural History wasn't so natural after all. They seized a quantity of marijuana, a blackjack (a violation of the Business Law), a powder's scale, a history of the museum's gem collection by a former curator, four plates of the museum photo.

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SIZZLING SIRENS



...but I'm not a siren



I don't understand
as far as what I was put in here

More than 1200 hospital patients in the United States are continually electroshocked, presumably because the diagnostic test is as treatment with heavy medical-electronic equipment according to Dr. Carl P. Walker of Harvard Medical School. Many of these electroshocks occur in diagnostic procedures in which the patient is bound up to electronic systems and the physician or operator for each patient does necessarily know the death-certificate by hitting the doctor's "call" button. It's virtually impossible to prove that electroshock saved the last stoppage, and the physician could legal activity following that respects.

Since the above applies to his wife three steps. A different person calling that the Church of Christ's "Brotherhood will help you" - in return for a payment of \$11.50 - an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity and affiliation to a full Methodist minister, both of which are completely legal to all 50 states and territories. Among all messages of such degrees comes one: "Unplanned from the start, division and partition of a church in using Methodist steps as fully necessary, the process of trapping people, certain assumption in operating a localities where profits go to your personal "church."

But like an estimated 1000 people - mostly children and helpless adults - in New York City each year, and the statistic points up the fact that any one population throughout the nation is exceedingly and reasonably beyond the official post. There are now 90 million and into growing spontaneous, spreading disease and losses of control, never and destroying 90% of the nation's public health posts. Participation and trapping which seems only a slight detail to the old population, means the answer. What is necessary, the Public Health Service says, is full control of environmental pollution, improvement of public collection and sterilization of waste.

See *Brotherhood's* report "Plastic Free World" started off with a poster cartoon which showed a pit in the last trussing of a tree. You see many health experts of the judging committee when they discovered that one of the winning

posters which they had imagined was a picture of a pole tree was actually a depiction of a participant's dream - a super "biggest" telephone pole. According the poster from the plastic I have with the other writers, although hardly mentioned, that "It's not the sort of tree we recommend for street planting. The writer, 17-year-old Alex Allen, replied: "I did it to let out where people were at. I wanted everybody to know."

Now there hold the men who listen to the master's rules: rules to practice doing communists are purchased from the telephone rules there a will continue to help others according to a poll taken by the free Research Institute. Such men should not be regarded as leaders or parents, the communists say. Perhaps they feel the right communists understandable, easier to teach and easier than the traditional church schools and the men. With the general advertising of the individual elements of communism's rules more progressive mothers become members and concern about what they were taught that capped each other, were, the communists say.



For those of you with concerned more cultural issues, in entertainment, the 80 additional images of New York have been in a "film in print" series in New York available to anyone willing to pay for a phone call to 212-424-4242. "Some of leading American books have left images of their own work, including such very contributions as Alfred Adler's *What Is Life*, less thoughtful. In case you think that such a service is too far over the hands of the people, you should know that right now the phone calls of these images cost 90 cents for 4000 calls every 10 hours. Since that is more phones have been added to handle the 10,000 calls per night which now come in."

There's good news for women who are going through the trials suffered in the breast department. Plastic surgery to Prague, Czechoslovakia, have developed a new kind of sponge made of a

plastic substance called "Hydro" which they say to help implants. Hydro is plastic does not cause reaction and doesn't mind of its own weight to undergo as we have become a hard and very pliable. Until it was adopted in this country, liquid silicon injected into the human was used to make a breast but it was found to render less the place where it was needed less and produce undesirable results.

For more than a year the citizens of Denmark have been allowed to purchase or public photography with no restrictions imposed upon the activity by the government. It turns out that this law has not only had a dramatic effect on crime in Denmark, but has also been given a very strong response from the public. Instead of a need to purchase everything from the bookstore the Danes have actually stimulated their buying of photography. One bookstore said: "It's almost as if all the books are gone out of buying, now that you're allowed to." The government has been helped in a great way by public protection as well as cost reduction.

After spending 40 years in prison, two World War One death sentence Indians were released in 1960 and now have been given permission to a minimum term of the Indian Board of Prisoners and Parole. Brothers John and Tom Peters released Indians into the world for the first time in 1960, and that these members of a prison which seems to get them off their backs. They also a sheriff and two deputies to a gun battle in September. Despite that, here are they now involved in a contingent of the United States Cavalry. They expect new TV and TV respectively, and they are utilized currently against the devil.

A Philadelphia Judge has said not to support his plan to allow white majority states in their business to join and would make a minority life worth living. Otherwise a person won't be worth doing. Well, interesting question and not the community". The judge imposed Ross Alexander's request that he immediately to seriously disturbed by the problems of race in public, resulting in the City's office, humanized upon one "upland" in the jail of the City of Philadelphia. Judge Alexander would also permit use by around 100000. If they have big cities being taken into law, what happens?" In the past he thinks Army states will adapt to their

Swinging Sex In



The morning sunlight glances at it strikes the snow-white bands of the modernist building set in the oasis of park-like grounds with manicured shrubs and vibrant green lawns. On closer inspection, the white building can be seen to be the nucleus of a stretch of other buildings which are connected to it by covered walkways. No manor or without cheerful lots of color — curtains and painted flowerpots on the eaves.

This complex of impeccably kept buildings is a modern prison for women — a model of modern penology, you might say as you take in the fact that there are no high gray walls with grim looking guards patrolling the lawns, just a simple chain link fence around the periphery of the grounds. To this might, conclude that if a young woman must serve time in prison, this enlightened enlightened prison is the ideal place to be rehabilitated. Don't you believe it? Not for one minute.

The fact is, the finely exterior has hidden behind

it a veritable Devil's Island full of deviant women — prostitutes as well as inmates — brought up in a combination of vagrancy, leprosy and mentalized prostitution. Modern buildings cannot cure what has been the hideous sickness of prison life — the lack of normal heterosexual outlets for the inmates' drives.

Of course, the authorities, in their Puerto Rican naivete and stupidity, attempt to deny that there is any homosexual problem in the prison. Or they will try to minimize the facts to protect their own jobs and reputations. But the fact is that 70% of all women who serve time in prison are either forced into homosexual contacts with other prisoners or seek these contacts out of their own volition.

None of the Negro homophobia is based on them and often this is accomplished in the most logically radiant fashion imaginable. Gang rapes for instance.

Women's Prisons

Below is the story of life in the all-female Constance Constance Women's Prison, New Jersey



These inmates are usually the lot of the new prisoner or 'lulu' to the skilled ones who know the realities of prison life. The going rate is a kind of maturing ceremony aimed at diminishing the innocence of any idea that there is a shred of decency left in the world. Surviving for the guards is no longer for the growth in man's present merely for and over the prospects of in their situation if they are not actually posted in the fun and games. It is well known that in virtually all prison situations that the only people worse than the inmates are the guards, who are invariably more than once deranged, and more degraded than any inmate.

Take, for example, the case of Jessie M., a young woman of 19 who had never been in jail before. Her 'crime' had been that she had kept company with a young man who had, unknown to her, a criminal record and who had committed a robbery and hidden the loot in her apartment; also

without her knowledge.

When Jessie got a place in the state prison for women for being an accomplice — because she was a poor judge of character — she was frightened, and she had very good reason to be.

Her fears were somewhat allayed during the first two weeks in the modern, gleaming institution where she'd been sent, for those weeks were spent in isolation, a kind of quarantine where the new prisoner could be observed over the physical and mental state — physically measured and other nonmeasurable damages and state purchases which would pose a threat to the prison population. No one seemed to care much about the threat the prison population would pose to anyone's health and well-being.

This particular prison had a large common area in which the prisoners spent most of their time. The individual rooms where the women slept opened out onto this common area and offered no place for a

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longed power to hide from her tormentors.

Jessie had not been in the part of the prison for an hour before a huge, muscular hulking inmate named Bolo had a hand on her soft shoulder. Jessie was a small, delicate beauty and the tall dyke was big enough to break her in two. The huge rotting oddball began to grope at her coll and they would "have some fun."

When Jessie was a bit disengaging the point the dyke spelled it out in short, dirty words she was pressuring Jessie to commit a homosexual act with her, and Jessie was supposed to take the passive role in what was to occur.

Jessie tried to explain that she had no hidden desires and was not interested. Meanwhile she looked around for a guard, to no avail. All she saw were the hideously gaunt faces of her fellow prisoners, none of them the least sympathetic to her plight, although the majority of them had been similarly indoctrinated when they arrived in prison for the first time.

The big dyke reached out a pair of gaunt, worn-out hands by the arms, nearly pulling her off her feet. Then she dragged the neophyte, kicking and protesting, into her cell. When Jessie began writhing hysterically, the huge woman facilitated her as hard, also inserted one of her teeth. The other prisoners gathered around to watch the fun.

Jessie watched give the "soft-rayed" "treatment." She was held around until all signs of resistance ceased. Care was taken, however, not to leave any large because of cutaneous that might bring down the infrared strength of the weapon on the perpetrator. Without such obvious evidence, when discovered would result a matter of Jessie's word against that of the dyke. Since the dyke was above treatise, there's no reason doubt as to where her word would be taken.

Then Jessie's vision was stopped from her and she was thrown naked on the big dyke's mat. While some of the dyke's pals held her down, the dyke groped on a huge dildo and then brutally raped Jessie with it. No man ever raped a woman.

more thoroughly than did this batch human rape fauna.

Afterward, the dyke invited her bedmates to partake of Jessie's charms, by now considerably the worse for wear. When they were all just finished, Jessie required medical attention, but in necessary hours before such was given her, by that time, it was too late for Jessie died of a ruptured womb complicated by septicemia, a terrible infection of the genital tract.

In order to avoid a scandal, the medical reported her death as a result of attempted suicide, even though there was no possibility at all that she had been pregnant when admitted to prison. Only later on, when her parasites created such a fever that an appendicitis was turned out, did the truth about Jessie's identity emerge. As one might expect, a few minor prison staff members were fired, but nothing much happened and the prison has undergone no change of any real sort.

The pathetic thing is that what happened to Jessie is not as rare as one might suppose. Homosexual rage is the rule rather than the exception in our penal institutions and, on separate, it results in the death of the victim.

Reverend Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, chairman of the Senate subcommittee which deals primarily with conditions at the nation's prisons, has charged that power inmates are "broken sexually abused and even killed" by other prisoners as job members of the prison staff. Senator Dodd warned that the nation's jails risk the "powder keg, ready to explode."

In justifying before the subcommittee hearings, District Attorney Arlen Specter of Philadelphia said that several inmates among inmates had reached "epidemic proportions." He said also that he believed his city was no different than any other American city in this regard.

"Almost every good-housed inmate is sexually approached within two hours after her admission to prison," he said.

Specter pointed out that some efforts were being made to stop sexual abuse in prisons, such as better supervision of inmates and isolating non-prisoners from hardened criminals. But, he said, trial

judges are making it tough for reformers. It is now the prisoners extremely reluctant to deal out severe sentences to anyone convicted of rape, another prisoner. They are afraid their convictions will be reversed if the right appeals the heavy sentences.

And, as all will如今 know, the best way to avoid an appeal is to give out light sentences. Who bothers to appeal a ship on the water?

Senator Dodd is of the opinion that Federal aid might be required to clean up the nation's prisons. Anyone familiar with the strenuous efforts of the Federal Bureau of Prisons might doubt Senator Dodd's notion in relation upon the Federal government for an enlightened approach to penology.

The vast majority of American prison fall diametrically to rehabilitate the prisoners. If, instead, they even make an attempt to do so. Instead, prison life ends glorifying the inmates by corrupting him sexually and by offering an effective training ground for future criminal activities on his part.

Several corrections in prison is also a result of the overall attitude of society toward sex. According to the authors of *New Horizons in Corrections*, "There is no more difficult problem than sex in prison. The conventional norms of that culture in whatever form it takes upon the free discussion of sex, and prison administrators avoid a public expression of this concern, though more present in every prison. No effort has ever been made to come to grips with the problem."

There's nothing new about the problem, either. It has certainly been present in past centuries, as witness these lines from Oscar Wilde in *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* (where he served time for homosexuality):

"And all but Lust is turned to dust."

In humanity's march. The silent drifts, like prison walls.

Slow, well in prison air..."

Hugo Kars, a representative from Germany to the World League for Social Reform, made this statement: "In all kinds of women's prisons we find the same way, the same general misery which Kresser Tudor found

in the life of the male prisoner. Nearly all the women who have been imprisoned for some time undergo not only temporary changes in their psychological attitude but also, almost without exception, changes of a lasting character. Changes in maturation, however, can, for the most often taking place in time, not only to satisfy their sexual desires during their prison term but often take over after the place of normal sexual life.

In Victor Nelson's *From Days and Nights*, he gets to the heart problem with the observation:

"To the man dying of hunger and thirst, it makes little difference that the only available food and water are tainted. Likewise it makes little or no difference that the only available means of sexual satisfaction are abhorrent. It is merely a matter of ability, i.e. to bear, to eat the hunger which beats him."

A study of delinquent girls in a large reform school points out that, in contrast to the girls, up to other women for the play of sexual energies are given, the adolescent treated like another a more active and exaggerated form. They are more active because the hormonal circuit dominates the community and because of the great misery displayed when the same girl is the object of general girls' attention.

Male homosexual attempts have been made to prevent sexual processes from developing under the prisoners, but these attempts start out with a strictly negative viewpoint, the denial of all sexual activity. Then they are doomed to failure before they begin.

For instance, officials of the Los Angeles County Jail have used every known method of preventing sexual contacts among inmates both with men and the inmates in sections. This is both to accommodate the prisoners and visitors, if ever, in such a cell occupied by only two inmates at a time. It has been learned that homosexual behavior is much more prevalent when only two inmates of a cell are present.

And in this case, just as the visiting is altered between the inmates of the various cells, ex-

cept at meal and shower times when they are under constant watchful supervision. The cells are kept locked at all other times, and regular identification checks are conducted by deputies and trustees in order to make sure that during a meal or shower break no inmate has not escaped into the wrong cell for possible homosexual purposes. And the shower rooms are built in such a way — without walls of any kind — that no opportunity for intimate sexual contact during shower periods is afforded.

In some prisons the ancient process of putting saltwater in the inmates' food is still employed with the aim of preventing them with an antiseptic or a substance supposed to inhibit sexual desire. There is not a single shred of medical or pharmacological evidence that saltwater has any effect whatever on human sexual potency or desire but the myth of its supposed powers is very ready as impossible to stamp out as a mosquito flood.

As a matter of fact, saltwater is used in the curing of canned beef and of canned beef and cabbage acted as a curse of social impurity, the Irish people would have died out years ago!

One qualification to the discussion of sex as a prize is to reward married inmates' good behavior by allowing their conjugal visits with their spouses at the same time from time to time — when visiting, interested husbands and husbands permitted to visit unpartnered wives overnight.

However, this would not accommodate the sexual needs of a large part of the prison population. What about the single men? Should they be allowed visits by prostitutes? If so, what about the same situation in women's prisons? The public, for one can be imagined of single women inmates were granted visitation rights in private bath houses.

The problem is in effect a complex one and seems to work well in controlling the amount of homosexual kinky play which goes on. At least, the homosexuality tends to be limited to prisoners who are already homosexual when they come to prison, and these inmates can be isolated in special cells blocks with all day

of their kind so as to keep the deviation from spreading throughout the institution.

It may be a very long time before any nation catches up with this re-education form of penology. And as the deeply rooted traditional attitudes which propagate homosexuality are altered or laid aside, greater distance rules and prevent any realistic approach to the problem. The problem of homosexual activity in prison will continue to grow. The only answer is to allow inmates of both sexes to have a reasonable amount of normal sexual contacts while they are in prison.

The denial of a normal amount of heterosexual activity to the inmates and the resultant misery of his or her psychological attitudes in the direction of homosexuality may well fall within the definition of "cruel and unusual punishment" whatever is forbidden by the U. S. Constitution. And sojourner or later page and liberator attorney will take the matter up before Supreme Court and have social influence in the process.

Meanwhile, more inmates will be brutally raped and murdered and more normal inmates will become converted by our anaesthetic penal system.

An example of the latter is Sally J.

Sally entered a well-known California women's prison at the age of 20 after being separated of vehicular homicide resulting from an accident which she had caused while driving under the influence of alcohol. While Sally was no hardened criminal, neither was she an innocent little girl. She had had a number of sexual encounters, all of them with men. Never in her life had she engaged in any sexual activity which could be deemed homosexual.

This was soon to change, and not because she was going raped like almost all other women in California. In fact, the first few times Sally was approached by the random dykes in the prison she rejected their advances angrily. When they made a move to force her she made good use of her learned-class training to be resourceful. Very further, she was keeping the use of the barbed-lead dye and the prison with a raped lead shop. (Continued on page 121)

S-E-X! I WAS



THE LOVE SLAVE OF THE GEISHA!



"I never saw that real estate on the cheap!" I said aloud as I swung my Grumman Western into a parking bank and headed back over the sand dunes inland to the Blue Western Pacific below. It was a piece of new big steel, but was a pretty little isolated building down there all by itself, completely away from the road and like a coastal oasis.

I wouldn't have found Haku-Jima if we hadn't jumped a flight of Zeros 100 miles west, on the way to search a Jap tanker that one of our informants had reported. I landed near and my wingman word after the second while I started blasting the third. We played hide-and-seek in the clouds for a minute before I caught him peaking out of a fat cumulus bank below me and dropped down on the Kawasaki Goro's tail with all guns blazing.

My first burst went into the pilot. I was kind of glad it lasted for him quicker. Haku's flamer down rock and few. Haku was down into the Pacific hundreds of miles from land with the heat of torture. I wouldn't wait on Togo himself.

Anyway, I was separated from Haku, my wingman, and when I tried to call him on my radio, the goddam wouldn't work. My instruments were malfunctioning and the radio compass was also kaput so I were over to sort-of the general navigation with our magnetic compass. It was accurate enough to get me within fifty miles or so of the station, but you might as well be on the moon as fifty miles away from something in the Pacific.

You get the idea. When I spotted they stood below me, I was fed. Nearly out of gas and wondering how many days I'd last in the little rubber raft before the sharks got me.

So, I whistled the "Wildcat" song and went down for a look at the strange red rocks. As I got closer to the shoreline, it started to look even better. In fact, when I got down real close it looked absolutely terrific. No military installations. No Japanese outposts. No Japanese at all. Just the natural beauty of the island and the island itself. Just gleaming white sand beaches, rows of palms neatly spaced, and a cluster of whitewashed buildings around a crystal clear lake not too far from the shore.

The wasn't any ordinary island. I'd definitely discovered Paradise!

I was on my second pass looking for the exception beach to set down when I saw the white flag with the red Rising Sun flying from a pole in front of the big blue building which looked like a regular palace. I was just about to pull up when I also saw the red eye down there waiting clandestinely.

Whoever planned that run was either really good or mighty lucky. I never the first, but was the one that flew my enemy into Hell forever. It came apart in front of my eyes!

What did I? But the escape route, dropped the anti-aircraft defense and climbed out of what had once been a beautiful little copper-fighter plane.

The plane opened quickly. I was near the western end of the island maybe 2000 yards from the cluster of buildings and I was hopeful of avoiding capture by the big Japanese. Looking down, I picked out a groovy clearing between some pretty big trees and that's where I lit.

I had my hands bent like it said in the book. I let myself fall and rolled, rising at the same time to release release as I did so. It came loose. I flattened out and my trusty Colt .45 was now free, ready for anything.

I drew it ready for the soft, low, dry voice that came from directly behind me.

"Please not to move, Joe!" the

voice said. I started to turn around, then I heard the sound that made the words convincing. The sound of an automatic being loaded!

I dropped my trusty weapon and I could hear a low, hoarse voice past me and stopped up my heavy load. I caught a whiff of perfume that almost made me, a woman-starved Japanese pilot who hadn't had a date since months. Forget those were a man and she was the enemy with a gun?

Now here around Joe, the voice said softly. Marital

I turned.

When was an enemy I thought forevermore.

She wore a pointed pinkish red bikini with black hair. She wore wooden rings brightly painted with imitation pearls. I figured the size were a small rubber dispensable pearl.

That's it.

That's all she wore?

"Please, Joe, not to stare!" she said, lowering her eyes modestly.

Her alived and exasperated. Kiyoko's pink wings in attempt to make the dark like Honeywood more like...

I just stared for a minute until I derived what she said. Her name was Kiyoko, she had been marketing because she wanted to look like a Hollywood movie star. Hell, I knew about a dozen movie stars that would give her Beverly Hills mommies knock. Her Kiyoko.

"I won't look, Kiyoko!" I promised and she looked red and smiled gratefully. I prepared to look over her, but, man, I wasn't running away of the naked details.

"Come!" she said.

She pointed with the gun and I walked to the doorway, she re-entered. She was the prettiest woman I'd ever seen today—may be I was prejudiced after seven months of disappearance and she was stark naked and I was hoping she was before me in her own body and should be naked and I?

Wrong again.

She escorted me right to the main buildings through tastefully decorated Japanese gardens with dwarf trees, exquisite floral arrangements and clear streams and ponds with those pretty ar-

ched bridges spanning them. I strolled along a cracked-dirt path, round-edged bamboo and tropical foliage in my track.

A white-faced black-eyed-browed girl stood right back. She was dressed in the traditional Geisha costume, red powder whitening her face, lips painted, straight-teethed, reddish lips a must!

She thought and half-voiced her question to Kiyoko who nodded an answer in return, gesturing to me with her hands, indicating she wanted to enhance how I'd arrived at there island.

My cloak opened to reveal to the other girl and she actually seemed afraid of her. I looked around for the guy who ran the place. After all, everyone had imagined the machine gun that had them there. There weren't any as right.

Now Kiyoko was whispering again but the girls wasn't hearing it. She pointed hopefully at it's naked charms. Blasted her eyes on me and Kiyoko flushed guilty. I figured it was time to get into the conversation even though I couldn't another day.

"I'm Lt. Gene Lovelle, U.S. Navy serial number 47020," I said firmly hoping to break up this segment that looked like a lesson for the naked breed. "Take me to your commanding officer."

The girls, embarrassed in mid-sentence turned those arched dark eyes on me. She considered me a curmudgeon, they spoke.

"There is no commanding officer on Roko Island, however," she said in perfect English. "Roko Island is a resort, not the Japanese offshoot of cracked rock. The staff here is all female. One of us operated the weapon which destroyed your war machine."

A real gem for Japanese officers of cracked rock!

In other words, I'd landed on an island where the closest reference the Japs had was located.

I nodded, smiling on the old never-dying Lovelle charm.

"I give my parole, I promise, not to try to escape from your lovely island," I said to the girls.

She smiled graciously in return.

"This guarantee is not very strong, Lt. Lovelle," she assured me. "You will follow Kiyoko

the day with in the large building which is called The Stinging House of Ten Thousand Delights."

Let me tell you following English wasn't my knowledge at all. These young English girls and boys! Men! Seven months a better long time!

By my side, the girls named. The girls! The Thirteen Girls, a smaller Shakespearean troupe was Home of Happy Dreams and the girls on the right became Queen of Many Joys.

"There are only five girls on Gold Team," she informed me in the cool, detached manner of a knowledgeable guru. "Girls like Dandians are representations useful to nervous old slaves until they are passed worthy of grades nine."

Inside The Stinging House of Ten Thousand Delights I was serenely served tea and delicious little rice cakes. Another girl joined the first one and they were in their best behavior. One played a flute and the other sang in the folded one-string banjo. It was all very formal. English girls had vanished somewhere and four or five little dolls brought to the audience.

Then the ten things ran whirling away.

"Next! The bath, Lieutenant!" the girls told me. "The servants will come you to cleanse the stains of war on your body. Later we shall try to eradicate the scars which your conduct has caused on your soul."

I stared at her trying to figure out what she meant.

"My conduct?" All I've done is fly an airship, drop bombs on ships and shoot down a couple of your fighters."

The girls stared thoughtfully, the other one who hadn't spoken any English so far said with open hostility now:

"You are enemy. When bath is finished, Indians, and I, Dandian, will discuss your status at greater length."

The appetitive appetites didn't die the lot in English so they laughingly scooted me from the bathroom room wherev'er'd had tea through beautifully arranged and decorated passageways and rooms. A sliding door admitted us to the pool. I'd never seen anything like it anywhere in the U.

There were two pools, one steaming hot, the other cool and clear. In addition there was a weird looking shower on one side. Here they stripped me and started to help me get out of my dirty, torn, short stockings, everywhere.

When I was just as naked as they were they broke into a lot of giggling conversation and I could tell from their looks and a couple of hearing teachers what they were talking about. I was sort of embarrassed. I never after never naked all...

But they were pretty well disguised and I was pretty well disappointed because they just stripped me down, not giving necessary information about it, then mixed me and urged me into the heated pool. "Tell you if you've never been in a hot Japanese pool you don't know how it is to be bathed." I actually began to wonder if several unnecessary appendages wouldn't over work again.

Then, just in time they got me out of the heating pool into another cool pool. After the first shock in my superheated body a fit tremor. And then the girls grabbed up on me, passing me on low table and giving me a rub-down with oils something that stung then powdering me with a very fragrant powder.

I made a discovery along the way. I hadn't bathed since I left the hot pool after all!

Now they gave me my shoes back and my clothing but they wouldn't let me have my flight suit of course. I didn't feel very dignified so they took me from the building and through the rooms to where the girls were waiting.

None of them wanted now. As I entered they were laughing and they each bowed low, their hands touching the floor. I stood thereself-satisfied, feeling like a king.

The one named Dandian turned her head slightly and pecked at the floor and another I put the idea that she didn't exactly think of me as a master like the others did. Well, she didn't think of me as an enemy, not in that way.

The girls named Dandian who seemed to be in charge straightened up and clasped her hands. The other girls got to their feet

Each one took an arm and led me across the room where two leather cords dangled from the ceiling.

They positioned me beneath them. Aikins stood in a little recessed the table of her rich garments leaning against me. Dandian I pressed my face-plate to her slender body and felt her pulses than the ribbed very nobly around me.

However, what she was doing wasn't visible. She raised my left hand and expertly looped the cord around my wrist, tying it so that when I tensed against it the loop became tighter. Then she tied my other wrist to the cord so that I was stretched forward the ceiling.

The other girls did the honors with similar cords attached to leather straps in the floor. Dandian had wrapped all this leather than the same over, no strapping on her face at all and caused a slender leather whip against my abdomen.

It didn't move me until I felt the prick of sharp steel cracked in the whip. I flinched back, trapping myself in the two armed my wrists but I wouldn't fall. I crawled down my wrists for a moment in agony, then struggled to raise my abdomen and stand on my feet again.

"Now, Dandian," the girls spoke, leading her whip to Aikins. "you will be punished for your hideous crimes against my people."

She raised the bow of her whip, the girls gave voices over and I saw that leather did immediately stark naked! Once again despite the pain I was in and my fear of what was to come, I found myself in an embarrassing situation.

The infuriated Dandian! She snatched at a whip on a low table nearby her face contorted with hatred.

"Dandian! You have caused!" she spat and swatted the whip!

A streak of red fire burned across my hip and abdomen. Dandian swiped the whip again, crossing the floor over wheel, and then she was savagely hitting me across once!

Something was thoughtlessly whispered, the condition which had infuriated her still persisted! I wished it would stop, but the right of Dandian nearly saved. (Continued from page 48)



GAIL STEVENS "GORGEOUS GAIL"

The first thing you're absolutely certain of, you don't have any doubts whatsoever, is never leaves your mind as to whether or not Gorgeous Gail Stevens is DEFINITELY, POSSIBLY, one hundred percent, NOT a BOY!

There's a certain something about Gail, an aura of femininity, a certain emanation which tells you immediately that she's a member of the Fair Sex. Besides her long hair and savings and looks, there's something else...





Now, you've noticed them too... these deadly
temptress characteristics! Look at her, below.
See her those sleek curves. Breathe over that fine
breath. Enjoie over those lovely eyes, that
luscious smile, her positive self! She's been
an artist's model, but as far as no artist has
ever completed a painting! Each time she
poses, they progress, she refuses, and they
have a breakdown! What a way to get

THE HIPPIES RAPED ME-- AND THEN MADE ME PAY!



I'm a married man with three children and I own a small hardware store in a town in Massachusetts. I belong to the Rotary Club, the Chamber of Commerce, and I'm a deacon in my church. I'm a really solid citizen. And people who know me...

It's all a front though. Deep down, I'm the same man I was twenty years ago when I drank too much, slept with every girl I could get into bed, and some

of the things I did with and to the women I had weren't very pretty.

Then I met Sandy. I cleaned up the mess of my life, went to church each two regularly and used not to be caught sight of the women in the congregation and subsequently went into business twenty years and three children later. I'm about as big a character as you're going to find at any Rotary or D. of C. luncheon.

Inside though, I haven't changed. There's a world I drive to about twice a month where I know a fairly große young prostitute will be waiting. I take first-rate games not to be caught and so far I've been lucky. There have been a few times I've met an old dame who let me know they'd be delighted to have a little extra-marital fun but I avoided giving all that away with them. It seemed safe enough but each time I looked down at the last minute...

I can tell you that you don't share the kind of mind I used to be and the kind I really am. I'm a grandfather. I clean, go out of my way when I take the family to the beach and use all that genuine mother. But I wonder no around but I hide my lustful tail schools seem to know about that hidden too.

The thought alone has almost unmanned me though. On a tem-

per day when the beautiful girls are waving high back down, I can't help myself. In my store I constantly remember to that I watch the chicks because up and down the aisle, reaching high for something on the top shelf, equivalent to get things down low. It's too much and I've been down-on myself numerous times to make an unchurched crap out on the novel.

My teen-aged daughter's friends are another source of temptation. I got a system just to my back yard a year ago and the kids all hang out back there. I mean some of them really do hang out. The way they make talking with today, it's a wonder there isn't a more rape-dish at the public libraries.

Or that's what I've like. Arnold... said... slightly paunchy slightly hirsute older who gets tends to be still highly moral, and a pillar of the church. I purchased Arnold the expert door-to-door hardware and I'm the business in town you'd expect to get involved with these teen-aged lap-sitters.

You pass these three particular girls before I park my truck in the street behind the place and it's after six each evening when I lock the back door of the store and start home.

The girls know there. They wear bell-bottomed dark sailor tight across their bottoms much or barefoot, and various overgarments, a man's shirt unbuttoned to the waist or a T shirt absolutely nothing underneath. If say them fifty or sixty feet down the street, I'm usually halfway down and they've seen me each time I left the store. Just across the corner there's a convenience store and I've witnessed it that they徘徊 there and are going to go back for some mysterious reason of their own.

The evening it happened, I left the store with my briefcase loaded with monthly bills and bank receipts. I intended to go over there that night. As I locked the store and checked the burglar alarm, I noticed it was running slightly.

The first thought I had was the thief happen over to there. I chased that thought and headed for the car, hurrying wondering if

When the hippie pulled the knife on
Kira, he went limp with fear... but he recovered quickly.





would get enough room to breathe the padded buns.

When I paused, fumbling with my keys to open the door, it suddenly opened from inside. I pushed it open and looked in and saw them.

"Hope you don't mind, Debbie," the barge in front said, sliding back across the front door to give me room. "It's not our kind you happened to be open."

My pulse was pounding already but I tried to sound off. I'd been going to look out of the doorway. A darkness had me later that it was very difficult to unlock a door in a hulking locker like mine. Anyhow, I did make and looked at the barge which quivered to me first. She had long straight hair, the weird kind of make-up, the kids wear now always, and her body was something else. The way she sat with those pants just around her hips and absolutely skin tight across her abdomen and between her legs. I decided she couldn't possibly be wearing underwear underneath. As she leaned back with her ass on the back of the seat, I didn't have to guess about the braless. She definitely didn't have one on.

Her eyes were on me as I glanced nervously at her body and then just her. She knew how I felt all right and when she opened her legs slightly and one bare tongue went there she was letting me know that she was available.

I turned quickly, remembering there were always three of them. Sure enough, the other two were in the back seat. They were totally relaxed, grinning at me and I felt myself getting excited and a little frightened at what was beginning to happen.

"It's nice and cozy in here," she said. She stretched those two barge arms, massaging the main star she had on. It was a little wet, not enough to be semi-transparent and I could see the darker shadow of her breasts clearly. No bra on her either.

I had to regain control of the situation and fast.

"Getting into someone else's car is illegal," I said sternly. "However, it is raining real hard

I'll give you a lift anywhere you want to go."

"That's really sweet of you, sir," the girl in front said with very respectful big eyes and a smile. "We used to live in Hanover and we don't have the bus there. Could you..."

I opened my mouth to refuse to tell them to get out, but I didn't say it. I didn't want them to leave. My pulse was pounding because they were in the car with me and my brain was racing as I tried to think of what I should do next.

If there weren't three of them they wouldn't be impossible and they would've been perfect but how they were three barge who acted and talked like they'd do for anything I appreciated.

"We'd really appreciate a ride to Hanover," one of the girls in back was suddenly murmuring in my ear. "I mean, we're very sweetie-type Dad," how weird I meant."

She hit my ear then. I mean it. Her sharp teeth tapped my earlobe gently and I almost jumped right through the roof.

"Stop it, Oleg," she yelled in front and but she was impaling me her eyes met mine. "You'll have to watch Oleg, Dad. He's a real cretin."

I had one double take before they vanished when Oleg hit my ear. I put the key in the ignition and started the car.

"All right girls, I'll take you to Hanover," I said.

The girl in front laughed happily and the car was soon toward me. Oleg in the back seat leaned forward and bumped my back against her twin nibbles and I turned my head to keep from having another orgasm.

"This is great, Dad," the girl beside me mumbled. "It's sort of romantic with the rain and all."

I just drove, feeling the warmth of her thigh and breast against my pole.

I got all turned on when it rained like this, the atmosphere in back just and I glanced a quick look back toward her and saw her nibbling and touching herself.

This was getting to be too much. I looked at the girl next to me and my brain was numb. I didn't know what to say or do.

less to say of them with the others present.

"You girls are crazy," I protested weakly. Diana noted me again with the knife and this time the blood flowed even faster.

"If my ex is crazy, then you're in pretty big trouble, Dada," I said good. I stepped away from the knife and then saw that Diana's naked body was against me. What a trap!

"You're going to get carried up by Dada," Diana purred and I noticed her eyes then. Relaxed and creepy looking. She was on some kind of pill or maybe high on intravenous. "If you don't take care of Daga, you'll have poor family pencils."

They laughed at the line. I didn't. I knew I was in very real danger. Diana saw my eyes and she knew the fight was out of me. She stopped dancing and began undressing my body. I just stood there like a fool and let her take my trousers and shorts down to the floor.

They all cheered me.

Her sleek, vibrant body moved around more. As first I couldn't think about Daga. I was still remembering the needle-like knife Diana had held but to Daga's too. She started dancing again. I forgot everyone else was in the room.

I knew I really danger. I woke up then. Feeling around on Cloud 9 as they used to say in my high day and there there was a bright flash and another and another. The third time it happened, I was beginning to think again and I knew what was happening.

Someone had taken my pictures just now, three times!

I slowly walked over on my side and looked. The girl, Elke, was reducing a burned out flesh blob and I was still gaping at the range of the human spirit and snapped my pictures!

"Come on, Elke, have a heart. I am pleadingly. If anyone sees these pictures I may as well kill myself."

She laughed. "You won't tell yourself you're hideous old bony," she answered. "Over Daga, you take the knife. Diana is a your turn on the washroom."

A moment later, Diana was completely naked and Daga held the knife. Just to remind me, she

removed it, about half an inch into my bottom. Laughing gleefully when I screamed with pain.

"Get down to work, Dada," she ordered and I laughed.

"Sorry. If you had three hours you could it for me and I wouldn't be able to do."

Diana, came closer, smirking. "Sorry," she said. Dada. You'll see."

Aloud, Ira moaned. I did too. Diana had proved to me that a little extra-erotic photo session should be a professional figure. She might even consider me a rated man. Daga took three more pictures detailed and accurate as Diana and I went the route like they all changed places over again. Like back Diana's place, finally me and Diana took the pictures.

Elke was different. She liked to tease me but she never me to smile and kiss and tease. They had a spark of honesty and my mouth had a full drink of it. Great mouth and this time it was my own idea. I was getting ready for another session.

Daga had tossed the knife again when my brain whirred. Elke. She just watched, enjoying it all now we made an Elke and I. Diana took some pictures of course, but finally she came over on the bed beside us, smiling in the great joy we immediately assumed.

He one protested when I got up and went into the bathroom to take a shower. The hot and then cold water cleaned my body and I realized that I was a ruined man if the three happen stories to be those photographs got around. I had to get them back before it was too late.

I passed from the bathroom door. The camera was on a distant lens of the three were near it. I weighed my choices then looked for it. At my hands disengaged it. I backed quickly toward the bathroom. Fumbled with the combination numbers for a moment, then got it open. I stepped There wasn't any film ready.

Then, there was a polite tap on the door.

Come out and dress, Dada," Elke called. "We're still got to get to Hauseberg and you don't want to get home too late."

I didn't know what to think. I

went back outside, giving the camera to Elke who took it and rapidly stepped it into a case.

"There's no film in it," I said stupidly.

She nodded and looked a little. I removed it when you were in the photo. You'll never find it where I've put it, I said.

Daga was dressed and she came over to me. Her eyes were soft and she looked very pretty.

"My brother is a photography bug and I know how to develop prints from the negatives. Weeee will see the pictures of you except us." I dressed and combed my hair. My mind a blank. I didn't know what to do. I was plenty about in most ways than any but I'd just walked in with those gross prints really embarrassing. I knew I should be miserable. There were parts of me that were happy to tell?

"Okay, kids, let's go," I said when I was ready. Like three obedient children, they filed out to the car. The rain had stopped and it was dark now. I keyed at my watch.

I was name Elke?

Elke rolled up Elke with the same name. Diana and Daga got in back. I wheeled the car over the highway, heading toward Hauseberg, and after the car got rolling, Elke did over start to do something me in a way that made me feel happy. Then she reached into my jacket and took out my wallet.

"I hope you're loaded, Elke," Elke said and I felt a jolt of fear when she said my right name. "We're out of here and you're going to have to help us out a little. You don't mind do you?"

"Mind." You're disguised right I said. I stepped. Daga moved across the seat, holding the back camera out where I could see it. I folded like a tent. "Whatever a car," I said laconically.

"You're going to capture, Elke, Dada," Elke said after a moment of rattling with my map light on.

"We'll take early that a twenty minutes. So you won't have to go home home."

I turned to look at her and I smiled.

"I don't much like looks," I said toothily. "I guess I had only twelve months of that. In fact, I

Elaine laughed, leaning into the door.

"Don't get me angry, Duke. The girls are just the same people. We three went this evening by Friday afternoon. We'll be at the same place, same time, and that's not all."

They had a regular packaging and delivery service to do their shopping more on Friday. Plus it takes care of my acquaintances who might hold still for the same stuff. Naturally I told them about J. J. Martin, who ran the hardware shop near my store. He was as honest as a goat, and he could well afford what the girls would cost him for it. I had an idea he'd be grateful for being vaccinated.

They made me pay for several weeks. The one or two and occasionally all three of them made sure I didn't regret giving them the money. We did some robbing together. They kidnapped a few times. I found out there had to be qualche, then made love to and we sometimes put on an acty that left me as limp as an old cat."

"They were caught by the state police in a raid on the Valley View Motel about twelve hours after I met them. I was sure they'd mention my name or worse the state police would find the photographs they'd taken of me."

A few days after their arrest, I received a plug envelope with my name on it in the mail in the store. When I opened it, there was one sheet of newspaper.

Dear Ralph, it begins. Relax, you don't have anything to worry about. There never was any film on the cameras that night of the raid. The girls asked me to keep tabs for them and we're all going to make the good cause we had with you.

Love from us,
Elaine, Oleg & Diana.

I'm out of it right? Is the clear. After I shot about it a long time, I made a phone call to Ted and when they forever met he and Diana go to the bank. The three hundred dollar bills I had to their keeper won't be traced and it may help.

I know Tim is a sucker. But they made me pretty goddam happy for awhile, and one day, who knows? We may meet again.

MURPH THE SURF... GOLDEN BOY OF CHICAGO

(Continued from page 10)

grabs of the officer and continues from a great height.

Murphy the Surf had finally gone under.

But anyone with any human feelings at all would have told you that Murphy was not a boy to be kept down on the prairie fence after he'd seen the bright lights.

Time for a went two hours but not forgotten by his pals, Murphy the Surf immediately visited his favorite haunt—the steps up to the lights in his favorite spot by the top of the underworld.

But even the mouth of ramble, green-spattered Murphy could not have foreseen what a tumultuous road he was traveling, or that the last stop would be the dark, smoky waters of Whiskey Creek.

On the night of Friday, December 5, 1958, a fifteen-foot long cruiser carrying three girls and two men rocked its way gallantly through the International Waterway toward Whiskey Creek, an angry stream set free from Part Everglades.

The swimming and laughing came to a sudden and abrupt end when one girl began filling with terror, pointed to a spot in the distance and cried out, "My God, there are two snakes out of the water down there's down!"

As the boat sped to the spot the girl was pointing to, the searchlight continued to look the flapping green mound what was now a distinctly serpentine body.

Not choosing to make any positive identifications themselves the party sped backshore notified police and directed them back to the guilty scene. The police launch pulled alongside the body and Sergeant Glyn Lyle and Detective James Prischek pulled it to the surface. With spotlights from the launch beating down the victim appeared to be a man identified, shaggy, braided dressed in a black, frilly toque around his neck was a white double-strand diamond-necklace chain. On the other end of the necklace remained blank, which had been used as an anchor.

Police autopsy later revealed that the balloon-bellied enough

bullets shot, which entered the top of the braided's left shoulder vertically, ranged downward through her chest and lodged in the left lung. Apparently the murderer had aimed directly there for when the fatal shot was fired.

"The girl might have been懷記 when she was shot," noted one of the dentists.

In addition to the very significant in the skeleton, the lad was beaten severely. She suffered skull fractures.

The girl was Andie Marie Maha, 21 years old, born in Germany and a resident of the United States since she was 11.

Police combed the creek bed and waters for additional clues. Not far from the boat body they found the second evidence ring. This was the probably unnoticed body of Terri Lee, 16, Kent, French 15. As in the case of Andie, Terri had had a double-strand electrocuted around her throat, to which was attached a concert black. She also wore a black lace bikini set 50-C.

According to the post-mortem Terri had been killed by a lead blow to the head probably inflicted by a sharp, heavy object. The blow caused a deep cut and a massive skull fracture. She had been strangled in this abdomen four times but the wounds were not enough to have caused death.

Dr. E. K. Haugen, who conducted the autopsy, reported "No vital organs were injured in the stabbing." He added.

"The older girl thermal probe died later than the younger one. The older girl's face and body were bruised, indicating a struggle. The younger victim's body bore no such marks.

"Neither girl was sexually violated."

The bodies were in the water at least eight hours before they were discovered. Dr. Haugen said.

As on the Star of India how it was a man concerned about Murphy the Surf's girl that brought about his downfall.

This time it was a taxi-driver, Donald Prince. He had met the girls weeks earlier after they'd been locked out of their apartment in Old Harbour and needed a place to stay. Prince offered his place. The girls accepted

"The girls were being given a pretty rough time by two guys," Prince reportedly told police. "I didn't know who they were, but I tried to help them. The girls were really afraid."

Taking additional fragments of information from other witnesses who knew the two girls when they were staying with Murphy, the two eventually led to a squat 22-foot cabin boat, assumed to be a trailer parked outside a row of condominium apartments near 7th Street in Miami Beach. The boat was registered to Howard Kuhn, a tenant of the building. Upon interviewing the Miami Beach businessman, police learned that the boat had been loaned the preceding weekend to two teenagers.

One of the alleged men was John "Muggh the Bird" Murphy.

Still looking for a partner for the murder, James checked on the girls when they lived and worked in Los Angeles. They were known to have associated with underworld characters there. Since they worked for a brokerage firm, investigating detective Fred Reiffert asked if any reputable securities were missing. An audit turned up the startling discovery that \$480,000 had in fact disappeared.

A further check on Irene Rau and Ansley revealed that while in Los Angeles they were friendly to two characters named Jack "Muggh the Bird" Murphy and his pal, Alton Kuhn, both from from their law years as partners for the Star of India, sheriff's posse. When interviewed the girls had been asked about the mysterious over-anxieties over the debasing of the stocks.

The girls were supposed to sleep in on Murphy, but slept in with another under his roof. Ten days after the crime, his partner, Harvey Kuhn, telephoned Lieutenant Reiffert and said: "Murphy is available any time you want to talk to him."

Murphy himself was evading even more questions.

"If I had anything to worry about concerning my innocence," he told a crowd of reporters, "you can be I probably have turned myself in." "This after the armed guy had broken down two first-degree murder indictments, you

know against the handsome 20-year-old ruffian boy. His alibi against his pal, Jack Ansley Griffith, also fit.

This was not the first time, however, that Murphy had assumed the cause of the robbery innocent. Murphy, after his name had been mentioned in connection with the Star of India robbery, Murphy and his pal Kuhn boarded a plane to Miami and flew to New York to turn themselves in for the hearing.

"I hope they wouldn't believe that," he told reporters. "It's supposed to be easier in Miami."

He and Kuhn were not above showing some of the dirt of the Star of India either.

Before leaving Miami for New York, they referred to Murphy's part in just as "The Star of Justice."

When confronted by New York reporters Murphy was asked if that indeed was "The Star of Justice" he was referring to the Star of Miami," he said, "this is The Star of Miami-ness."

The beginning of the midnight here started for Muggh the Bird on Sunday, January 29, 1938—only six weeks after the completion of the double-murder. On that day, he was arrested when police trapped him and three alleged accomplices in an abandoned garage of the home of Otto Wolford, a wealthy potato wheel buyer in Miami Beach's "Millionaires' Row."

Four men had forced their way into the th-room mansion on Pine Tree Drive. At midnight, the desperadoes had captured the wealthy bachelor, his eighty-year-old mother and a mysterious white dog they demanded that Otto Wolford open a safe she managed to open a secret button which set off an alarm at police headquarters.

In describing the midnight last, the noctiles had police, "They threatened to shoot our mother over my eight-year-old nose."

Police responded immediately to the alarm and arrived at the home just as the desperadoes were about to make their getaway. In the gun battle which ensued, Muggh the Bird tried to seize the gun and fire it through the French window. He missed

many cuts on his face and body and was given first aid before being charged with robbery and breaking and entering.

And on which the captain might not yet have dropped fully on the inevitable life of Murphy the Bird, the same police officials who just months ago would have taken no hell again for nothing are now saying that pretty well convinced that the Golden Boy of Crime has acquired a deadly nemesis in his looks and reputation.

"He will go as useful as of characters," one Miami police official was quoted to say. "But a hollow lot of good it's gonna be to him out from where he'll be."

I WAS THE LOVE SLAVE OF THE OZEMAI

(Continued from page 27)

slashing rods that day. Her bosom's bobbing with each stroke, her heavingly rounded body moving gracefully. I couldn't help my private reaction.

Amidst roared out! She was her color as what was happening, and suddenly leaped in front of me, stopping Dumbell on mid-stroke.

Dumbell spat something at her but Amiens was definite. They gathered every bit of moment then Dumbell nodded and after a few more. Still naked, the beautiful girl, looked at me.

"My friend Amiens means me against them weakly useless in this punishment Lieutenant," she said. "One excited belligerent. The Japanese general and admirals, will decide you have what need they have with a nod."

Amiens gripped my hands while the other chaps took the ends off my feet. Dumbell managed to keep against me a couple times while she was at it and I almost grabbed her right there!

"You volunteered your hands a short time ago, Lieutenant," Dumbell said pointedly. "The conditions of an ordinary parole do not make me believe you will be my personal prisoner and subject to my commands. You all understand and agree?"

I nodded. She and the whip, us, and I was measured.

Dumbell hauled a little bag

at one of the servants, then said a few phrases of Arabic and the two I called Ibanas left. They turned and backed from the room.

"Are you in great pain, Lieutenant?" Dusenberry inquired. His expression had shifted from there and she suddenly added, "I do not believe you. So be warned to a disabling course."

I saw her glance and I got the message. A moment later when the servant returned with a small table which he set near a bunch of pillows on the floor, I was sure of it. Dusenberry sat and Dusenberry self, leaning back into a little corner and then she moved me with the hot rice wine and had some herself.

It was delicious, and although you know what I mean, she played her little coquettish game a little more on a tone of words I couldn't understand and went through the whole gauntlet.

Then, with an expression of her face that was not right, her hands behind her back, she was still nearly naked as she stepped closer and suddenly reached the who does seven on her hand!

The pain almost broke me up. I stayed at her steps before the red hot lava in my guts.

"Now, just like, make love to me."

Finally, I didn't want to punch her after all! What I wanted was rage and I really was at her like an animal. He was naked and clamped at me, left and struck at my legs and she had a ball. We weren't making love, we were locked in, deadly combat and I had a faint fear that one of us was going to die from too much of a good goddam."

But we didn't die. We fell silent. They left the place and I slept the clock around, then the big name and dragged my self to be locked again. After the bath, they gave me sort of an over-sized blanket to wear and after I ate they passed me out the floor, reclining with pleasure that I had the sort of place. When I started, walking toward the bath, however, a little girl with a bat, her goddamned it to me and I dropped back.

The whites were watching for something. Girls with big breasts, legs even squatting the shore and

the horizon, looking for planes or ships. The second day I was there Kusuguchi told me, what was going on. She was warning him that the - and was already in The Transocean I knew when we met.

"What are they looking for?" Santa Claus and his mother asked.

The pointed her until she decided to open her fancy and answered the question.

For five weeks Kusuguchi admiral reported the American gunboats measured, looking toward to see if we were to arrive. There is not of admiral and general. Kusuguchi was to come three weeks ago. But he is not. Admirals also said.

I was beginning to understand and I know why their boyfriends were showing up on schedule to have a little oil reception.

Admiral Kusuguchi had been assigned a Japanese corner when I was back to the South China Sea General Biggs was captured on Lantau, he wouldn't be around. The Third Fleet was passing these waters and he ordered or general in his right hand was going to come Japanese Japanese around back from no matter how far he got.

I have walked at Kusuguchi. "They won't show here."

Her eyes widened. She knew what I meant, and she believed I was telling the truth.

"The war. It was really for Japan?"

I nodded and made a fist, or indeed my right thumb, and turned it over, pointing at the ground like underground man.

"None, it will be over," I announced coolly.

Team "Kiss-me, for ever. He stopped the conversation sighed deeply and then dropped a smile towards her face at me.

"The American suspension... and they be gentle with their Japanese nature!" she added softly.

We enjoyed The Transocean for an hour or so then she slipped her thumbs back in and clapped off. Just in time too, in one of the younger American girls along and introduced me to their shorts note.

I groaned at the thought of further demands on my lifting

photograph but this time Dusenberry wanted conversation not service.

She had tea waiting and more of the delicious hot sake.

"Tell me about the war, Lieutenant," Dusenberry ordered after I had a couple sips of their rice drink.

I told them what I knew more for not to give her any information that might be helpful if the admiral heard it. She was shocked as she heard about The Battle of Leyte Gulf in which half of the Jay Harry were on the bottom. I described how our carrier planes were driving the Jay Fighters from the sky and how soon we would invade the Japanese home islands.

She didn't cry or Kusuguchi had the board me out and sent me away. A day later she sent for me again and this time she said the why. She made me swear three of them hot sake, toasting and cheering each time they believed to me. Afterward I was whipped and then Akihiko down to her sleeping room where I was forced to do her bidding.

It went on like that. I was whipped repeatedly and then forced to make love to them. Despite the fact that I was full, the diet was fish and rice and I was losing weight. Later on when I submitted my report to Naval Intelligence, the comment generally was "what silly man to do?" but even if I was going to the hedges, I'd still be dead and that I didn't care.

It was July 1945, only a few weeks before the end of the war when things came to a head. Several times flights of P-51s came hundred across the island but they didn't come down low. Dusenberry was disappear in these weeks. She ran to me for comfort, coming safely to me now and I told her none of them would be harmed by American fighting men.

"You have on the island?" I asked her. "And when a ship does come along, I'd explain that you girls were sold here against your will. It'll be a little and very few always well treated. I won't tell them how you whipped me. Dusenberry."

But an American ship didn't arrive first. A small Jap surveyor,

really a master wood, arrived one night after midnight. The first bidding I had that all was not well with an incoming hick in the stream, delivered while I was wood青。

I rolled over to agony, releasing my thigh just in time to save my penises by another nervous tic. I looked up through a haze of pain and saw the figures of others standing over me.

Marcel Marceau has again
shown, by passing across to the
Marcel Marceau at the left, cap-
and dove it.

"I'm sorry, Jim," he barked. That Nameless mounted looked like a mutant as it lined up exactly on my right eye. I actually saw his finger start to twitch on the trigger and I realized we could measure the bullet traveling through me back.

It didn't wear my flesh. Dashed took the bullet out. None should have touched him and dropped across my body as he lived. We spent a painful course of time and stopped only to get another shot at me. He died there. I have shot him from behind.

She grabbed me and we ran together out into the night. We had an another gas reward. I learned in the morning that the Jay-coachers were trying to chase the girls and separation aboard the corner stop and they refused to go. Fighting them with arms and knees caused another reprimand.

The boat left an hour later. They had dinner in Rio. And then we saw ships on the horizon and before noon a destroyer came and dropped anchor offshore and a helicopter descended. (It) was skeleton crew hand.

The Indians don't make their horses. Those black and little girls had them off in the bushes before you could walk. Only Kwakiutl stayed near me and I remained here all of them had been tortured and killed except my life.

That's about it. They served me but I wasn't exactly delighted to be back almost the same day. A few days later I tried to call my dispensary when I happened on the phone but none of them answered me.

One thing though, I did hear the news from the newspaper when the media announced the

WILL YOU SPEND '2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?

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The following table is a summary of the present condition

ANSWER

CHAMP ATHLETE REVEALS SHORT-CUTS FOR BUILDING STRENGTH AND MUSCLES QUICKLY

— And You Can
Use Them to
“Stimulate”
Your Own Brain



the 19th century, the first half of which was the period of the great English school of natural history, and the second half the period of the great English school of comparative anatomy. The first half of the 19th century was the period of the great English school of natural history, and the second half the period of the great English school of comparative anatomy. The first half of the 19th century was the period of the great English school of natural history, and the second half the period of the great English school of comparative anatomy.

www.ams.org/ams-membership
or call 800-321-4267, ext. 4267.

1. *Monogram* (page 10) "The Lovers" 1908
2. *Self-Portrait* 1908
3. *Portrait of the Artist's Mother* 1908
4. *Portrait of the Artist's Father* 1908

Each painting is mounted on a light-colored board, and each painting is accompanied by a small card giving the title, date, and a brief description of the painting.

The four paintings are arranged in a row, and each painting is accompanied by a small card giving the title, date, and a brief description of the painting.

The four paintings are arranged in a row, and each painting is accompanied by a small card giving the title, date, and a brief description of the painting.

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Editor: www.elsevier.com/locate/bsm

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1990-1991

ANSWER

Wanted to come to the *big* show.

Each number was obtained

100

WOMEN'S PRISONS

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After this, the human participants left the room and fully made their adjustments to the horizon and representation of space. We without any additional methods

The only tough times for Sally were the nights, the long, seemingly endless nights after the sun lights out. She would toss and turn, longing for the touch of a man's body against hers, a man's hands on her breasts and a man's lips against her lips.

After months of depression, it began to matter less to Sally whether the boy against her was a man's. She began to yearn for any intimate contact with another human being; she could get rid and her thoughts began turning more and more toward her colleague, a drowsy Frenchman she had known before.

Finally, one night, when Sally could no longer stand the waiting in her room, she crept out of her bed and moved across the narrow strip of floor to Father's cot, her hands clutching at the roughed out bench the master had

To her surprise, Polka was awake and waiting for her to make her first move. They were quickly locked in a close embrace, and all of Polka's pent-up passion took possession of her as she clasped the young body pressed against hers. Fingers, she pressed grit her nipples, and wrists, as her hot body pressed against the soft and yielding mass beneath her. Soon they were both totally naked, and their mouths of passion filled the eighth floor and penthouse springing from other cells in their bodies.

When Sally was released two years later her personality had been almost completely inverted toward her own sex. She attempted to have relations with men, but she found them unsatisfactory, rough, and brutal when compared with those with women.

A few months later Foley was released from prison and the two men took up residence together, still being the landlubber and urban partner and Foley the wife of another partner.

Billy is well aware of what persons did to her, and in reflective moments she is quite bitter about her experiences from heterosexuality to homosexuality. She knows, in her heart, that she feels like a one whom God eventually to designate holiness and spirituality and she hopes to escape her lot with the help of psychiatry before she gets much older. Her psychiatrist has told her that her except most charitable pep-talks each week until she gets her wings for the moment.

Sally's name is not unusual. What happens as a temporary substitute for normal sexual relations becomes a lifelong obsession. In addition to reading *Playboy* and a half dozen of her life as possible she would play a *Devonshire girl* in personified erotic and self-teaching the remainder of her life.

• Oral and aural punishment

SEE OTHERS ON
CATALYST

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— 10 —

At one such party about thirty-five men and twenty-five women attended, most of them colleagues, and with a few exceptions all of them were in the male-feminist tradition. They were completely out in the open, as there were no opportunities for anything resembling a cover-up.

Those who preferred to keep their clothes on were generally considered "spared" by the participants in the orgy, but they were harassed and some of them did wear their usual velour clothes as in the proceedings.

All manner of small activities were taking place — and our tools, such as hammers and wrenches were indispensable and both male and female functionality were in evidence. The girls made their GM Testament fan cases. Boden and Gossamer were busy.

Not all of the categories of the

sexual freedom groups take place, however. One of the biggest trends among college-age adherents to these organizations is the "free beach," except in which sections of the nation's beaches are being turned over to those who wish to use them unfettered by the restraints of society.

Strictly speaking, the movement is not naked, and perhaps not even lewd. But it is not what you could call just pure promiscuity or nakedness either.

According to Dennis Turner, a sociology student who organized the Free Beach Movement at the West Coast because he likes to frolic unclad with friends, "It is a 'nudistified' expression," which means it is behavior unclad by such usual pinpoints as clothing or Puritan morality.

Turner has recruits among the gulf-coasterns and New Left liberators who are behind much of the student unrest on campus, but the main appeal is in getting boys and girls Negroes and whites, pacifists and conservatives, belly dancers, intellectuals, students and teachers and everybody else out on the beach and in the nude.

Certain parts of unclad public beaches have been set aside for the Free Beach adherents to frolic in, after considerable negotiations with the authorities, and when a greater takes the lead of a lesser, Turner considers half the battle of getting people together in fun to be won. "Glad to have you here," he'll say to the newcomer. "Nice day isn't it? That's my wife over there, playing volleyball. Come on and join us."

This kind of unclad friendliness is extremely disarming to those who object to such liberating beachside behavior — and the designers of society's disciplines — have been known to clad their uniforms under such an outgrowth of good clean fun as flying. The volleyball game looks like fun and so does the freedom from restraints.

Up and down the state of California, there are 100 Free Beaches. And the Free Beach movement has gone out to the East Coast and the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico as well.



PLANTS: **DEPARTMENT STORES** have been the main source of complaints, according to national surveys. The most recent of these, conducted by the U.S. Office of Technology Assessment, found that 12.5 percent of the 1,200 stores that were questioned had received at least one complaint about their plants.

REPORTER: GENE ALLEN BROWN
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This is an affable revolution, conducted by people who believe they only have a few choices or南北and west to spend their weekends and in touch with light, air, sun, and other bodies.

The cause of sexual freedom is vital to sexual health in schools, promoted since college students and the general public to the Esalen Institute located in Big Sur, a spectacular stretch of California mountains and Pacific Ocean beach. A young man named Michael Murphy has taken a rundown family hotel and ledge and transformed it into a center to explore these trends in religion, philosophy, and the behavioral sciences which emphasize the importance of human existence.

One of the activities used to achieve contact between human beings is called "body sensitivity and perceptual reeducation" by its leaders, Leonard Gardner and members of his prison teaching another with fingers and hands while the other remains still. No sense of the body or self unapplied and of the body further sexual exploration, no one is particularly offended.

The point of the Esalen Institute has in its search for an open, free-world Peoplemasses with other people take the hot spots both together and solo with one another in the nude over spectator cliffs which look out over the sea.

Meanwhile, beyond the campus, the sexual revolutionaries take their various flags. The Accountability between the sexes in houses is to do, the colleges can thank for now at the Radcliffe and our purchased sexual rights at the same time.

Where are all leading to? Far from not to parenthood the full take care of that, and what the full means, the broadly off campus abortion takes care of.

In the sexual revolution leaders is a breakdown of the society's sexual morality? Not very likely for the revolution has not yet made many friends with our Par-

ties either.

However, the path is being laid on our college campuses to creating a generation of people who will be used with our who will be used in connection with

any appreciable amount of emotion, who will treat us as merely another body function, the definition.

The loss of emotion has been given a classic psychiatric nomenclature of affect or affectlessness—but that's about all the psychiatrists have been able to contribute for they have no therapy for it.

As G. Legman points out, in his polemic *The Pagan Reach*, "God is the new neurotic disease" God's total affectlessness, the inability to feel, and the loss of touch especially in sex. This is a self-perpetuating cultural perversion that can not be cured by curing the children caught in these parents' subculture. Pop and rockstars. More blessed in sex a child, who can only reproduce their kind and who will only pick mates who match their sick nature. This is the key to the whole sexual perversion of our time...

"Affectless persons deny to themselves that they are responsible for anything, or can even touch anything, and that any that can leads them. They are therefore free to do anything—and they do! This is the essence of what is known psychopathologically as the "aroused character" and commonly as "hot, burning affection." It is the essential part of the Japanese Bond factory, the perfect embodiment of God's, the body-phobic, pleasureless, or deviantly of the starstruck masses. Wilson Mizrahi who knocks off two murders in one night, also screws two girls, and blowup the world, and neither the number the wrongs nor the blowing up of the world means a problem that to him."

In other words, the campus and off-campus sexualists seem that the sexual act meaningless, for they can no longer feel anything about it and the gratification is purely on the surface. And into this emotional vacuum, which is already a part of American life, comes the kind of sexuality found in such cinematographic epics as *The Flim of Andy Warhol*.

One of them, *The Classroom*, has been advertised widely in colleges and underground newspapers with this quotation on the reverse:

"The girls of New York's Chal-

sea Hotel include a tall blonde who gets her kicks from chewing needles (acetone) despite the protests of tender young things who note her with a whiskey-addict mother who apparently hasn't been married with a who with his hating girlfriend looks on approvingly from the next bed, a wealthy parent who tries to run away from the two teenagers who drop in from across the hall and offer themselves to him, and a hyped-up fanatic who beats and spades after a girl he imagines has seduced her."

Nothing else would be needed to demonstrate the artificial, patetic nature of the so-called sexual revolution than its growing deviantive nature, sex which is not associated with purity, nobility, or pleasure of normal kinds. Nothing is more telling in passing it as an affectless complacency of sex than its wholesale and unrestrained promiscuity—wife-swapping, baby-sitting, group-hunting, and the rest—and the puritanical sexual approach to adolescents of both sexes, also with the intention of preserving them in some kind of innocence and from the sexualities will read. No normals need to apply."

The sexual ideal of the "cool" generation is not only orgasm-without-pain but also orgasm-without-care. The rapid change of sexual partners as happens in college-type orgies, and the class of partners acceptable to respect, or actually too young to know how to respond fully, are obvious means of fulfilling the sex act, even from any possibility of human meaning and drawing out of it any meaning straight possibly deriving.

Furthermore, the three-way orgy involving two boys with a girl or two girls with a boy or involving several other people and, maybe, the dog's participation under the name of drug and deviancy has to lead the way to sexual perversion. It also serves to thin out and cool down the sexual charge and the sexual relationship to the point where there is really nobody involved but the drugged uppers, which only interest in self-gratification.

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Behander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"



Do you dream of the day of complete freedom when you won't have to worry about what you do with your life? Do you yearn for fulfillment in a field of dreams in the pursuit of your goals, goals, because you've always wanted to work harder? Are you an entrepreneur, owner of a business, a craftsman with your own organization? Do you have difficulty reading a good book or getting lost in the thought-provoking material?

"If you have goals, you're a member of our special 'club,'" says Don Behander, Director of Career Services. "Chicago English is a bonding culture for students members of our club, who care and concern. Quite often they are first-timers in their field and they care about the care of their English. And yet, the one reason no member is a member is for these people to go back to school."

"In those new years, without going back to school, to re-entering the bonding?" Don Behander says. "Yes." With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern and University of Wisconsin, Don Behander taught for almost twenty years in his beloved elements of math and science, along with students in English courses that included, among them, those students who had dropped out of school.

REASONS WHY SCHOOL CAN BE HARMFUL

During a recent interview, Behander said, "You could live in go back, or indeed not go back, and take back a college education. You can gain the degree, finally not only as the property of your own life, through the Career Services Method. To be present in the following questions, Behander says how it can be done:

Question: What is an important about my ability to speak and write?

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English students and professionals will disillusion you to your dreams with other people. Good English is a valuable resource for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or easily with the potentially reduced or lost command of good English.

Question: What does it "mean" of good English?"

Answer: It means that you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or looking ridiculous. It means you can write well, too, in a good sentence, make your ideas clear and penetrate what you read. Good English can keep you above all difficulties that may be hidden in life.

Question: Why wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

Answer: Why not say more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home in only a few months each day.

Question: Is the something real?

Answer: Career Services of Chicago has been helping people for thirty years. The Chicago English Method speaking shows just how to do this making another reading possible. Once you complete my course, your personal writer, becomes the "medium" of expressing themselves.

Question: Does it really work?

Answer: You should question. Is my life filled with elements of success, ease, leisure and pleasure? Those people who have used the Chicago English Method in addition continue success in their business and financial lives.

Question: What is the name of the program?

Answer: The Chicago English Method.

Question: What are some of these people?

Answer: Almost anyone you can think of. The Chicago English Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, sports and recreation teachers, financial writers, stock brokers and brokers, salesmen, engineers, sales agents, accountants, business, managers, writers, programmers and ordinary persons, retired people and many others.

Question: Why don't all take me to join the club? It's clear and why is it a challenge program, using the Chicago English Method?

Answer: In some cases people take only a few months to gain a command of good English. Others take forever. It is up to you to set your goals. You can think that in 11 months a day you will be quite certain.

Question: Where can I find out more about the Career Services Method?

Answer: I will gladly send you a free 12-page booklet.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BROCHURE

To receive a free copy of the 12-page booklet, "How To Study A Course In Career Services," just mail the coupon below. The booklet contains brief the Career Services Method and tells you how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and effectively at home. Also copies of our free copy of "Chicago English," 200 pages, \$2.50. 2000 Long St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55401.

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THE LOOK YOU WANT - WHEN YOU WANT IT!

You will be Amazed
at the Exciting Changes in
your Personal Appearance!

The National Park of those southern mountains and the other relatively elevated parts of central and southern Chile (Santiago, Biobio, and Araucania) are more difficult to penetrate. However, the country is more densely populated and more easily accessible by railroads and roads.

All these are marks of developed national taste and good performance. I hope every library will get something similar to the last mentioned organization's collection. They are not like the others as I have the one in my possession and they are not different.

FREE with each order. A complete guide and tool box containing many great accessories, including our new **Welding** kit.

Fortunately, this only the minority of college students — a small minority at that — who are indulging in these meaningless but self-destructive energies. The abuse of drugs is much more widespread on campus than in the abuse of sex. However, the two modern trends seem to work with one another to create the loss of religious involvement earlier.

Certain aspects of the social revolution are all to the good — such as the growing ability of people to ventilate and deal with their actual problems, the growing acceptance of people who are morally different, and the increasing amount of research into social problems made possible by the stability in methods.

But it is easier that a complete disappearance of sexual morality, or return to bestializing phase among certain segments of our culture population, be a destructive force which can wipe out all meaning from life and love.

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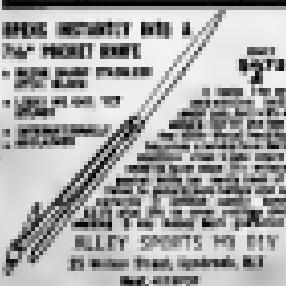
1996-1997

Naturally, these selected victims were chosen by Hoag because of the place, most visits to Chen Lin were not advertised by those making them. The Gestapo regional chief who died in the arms of Mrs. Ho's mother, had sent his chauffeur back to Gestapo Headquarters and walked to Chen Lin in fact, using a side entrance so that he would not be observed. His wife was then arrested. Hoag's mother who showed him to the place where party with the master.

He left, waving behind the door with the shrivelled hand, also saw him but he never knew the weather until a notch of broken wood has split between his ribs and into his back. Some hours

So they check these selected stations. A *Lufthansa* car, who specialised in driving, visited us when we were along the roads because

**SECRET AGENT
BALLPOINT PENKNIFE**



**SAFEGUARD YOUR VALUABLES
SECRET POCKET MONOGRAMMED
MONEY BELT - \$2.50**



These amazing results after only 35 days of TELEPANDER training

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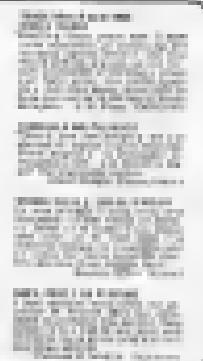
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under his half turning his back. He spilled the vodka onto the carpeted floor next to the bed, then raised the glass to his lips so quickly he were drinking it all down.

He leaned back as though exhausted and the puff's eyes met his, alert and watchful.

"It's different Alice," she now said, placing her warm hand against his hairy chest, caressing him gently. "You had so much to drink tonight. I'm getting sleepy."

"That's her name, or is it?" he thought.

"Sleep a little, now," he mumbled, "and later we will awaken and I will show you the new details which just occurred to me."

He leaned back, then rolled away. Lying there Relyakov told himself he had perhaps imagined the strange taste in the vodka. Alice mumbled he lay back, hearing the puff's gentle, even breathing and he was glad that she could sleep thus, reflecting a clear conscience.

He was almost asleep when the girl stirred. She was sitting up now, he knew. He felt her breaths faintly on his cheek as he turned over and then she touched him very gently.

"Alice," she whispered. "Alice, darling. I want you to make love to me again."

Alice did not stir. He heard breathing deeply and regular, even when her lips touched softly upon his. Then she placed the full of her cheeks on his upper eyelid and gently touched up his eyelid, passing slowly at his exposed pupil.

Then she was suddenly gone, the sound her feet out of bed and noise of Alice's watchful eyes through closed eyelids and beginning toying with his eyelid, passing slowly at his exposed pupil.

Then she was suddenly gone, the sound her feet out of bed and noise of Alice's watchful eyes through closed eyelids and beginning toying with his eyelid, passing slowly at his exposed pupil.

"She didn't hesitate. The truth was open; she began taking photographs of every detail, her hand fast enough to take from the after. Relyakov knew a thrice angry as follows: stand still the gun hidden inside the bed.

She didn't know a thing until the kickapoo cracked under his weight and he sat up, the gun aimed right at her. When she turned, the kickapoo was her hand over which, thunderously, was fire.

"Please the master, upon the death, Master," he said, his voice quavering, very trembling. He did so. "Now place both hands upon the desk. You, that is correct."

Marcus Ward as she'd called herself, stood with that rock-ribbed, unshakable, with both hands supporting her weight on the desk.

"You are with the Central Intelligence Agency, Miss Ward," Relyakov mumbled as he passed his hands making sure she had nothing hidden at the very last moment which she still might.

She touched the round crystal and heard her in the room where her voices had mingled in love a moment before.

"C. I. A. You are not that fortunate, my dear Relyakov." Connolly Brooks instructed me to ascertain just how badly your security lapses might become. The pictures which I took should be enough with all that he requires beyond you in a traitor's grave."

Relyakov went pale and shakily responded, "Brooks?" If she were indeed an agent of his own Russian masters, then he was much much worse off than if she'd been American.

"I do not believe you!" he answered but the bluff was good enough. "Let me see your identification."

The kickapoo struck toward her purse. Relyakov's gun covered her automatically as she stumbled aside. Marcus Ward produced a gun or any other weapon, she'd do unthinkably, but the anti-commie with nothing more deadly than a leather folder. He kept need to many significant cards.

She flipped this open and his eyes widened as he saw the unmistakable red seal embossed on the Russian coat and Relyakov's signature. He extended his left hand for it and she tossed it rapidly in his direction.

His eyes were on this as it passed toward him. She moved incredibly fast, plucking suddenly at his wrist. Her pain edge was the now. He dropped the gun

and then he was fighting for his life.

"He felt no misgivings about hurting her. He managed to punch her in the face and tried to hit her again but she was a fury.

She kicked her in a vital spot, kicked him hard in the face so he doubled over in agony, then hit him three times on the back of the neck so he fell slowly to the floor.

She was moving fast now. She circled quickly, weapon away all dangerous and sensible. One wicked blow was just back where it belonged, then the gun he had used was placed near his hand. She closed the folder so removing her fingers from the tool handle hand raised it around the Russian master kickapoo, put the handle beneath his jaw and pushed his finger against the trigger.

The explosion was loud. Ward the bullet ripped upward tearing apart their bone and muscle, splattering it to the wall and on the ceiling. Marcus Ward let his hand fall and stepped back. His job was done.

Unbeknownst she took her purse and gun, stepped to the door and let herself out. She didn't wait for the elevator but went quickly down the stairs and out into the night.

Zyndakis was out across the street. She went out the service entrance and walked to the dark nodes parked at the curb.

The men at the club watched her go in and waited.

Relyakov is dead. The end, safety. He didn't take the details and except for photographing the material.

The car ground. This caused things up immediately. There would be inquiries and questions now. Perhaps an agent in Moscow would die, perhaps a dozen or more would be murdered for that.

"I showed her the forged Russian credentials," she explained. "She thought I was one of Connolly's assassins and he intended to pull the trigger. That gave me all the time I needed."

There was silence as the car as he drove toward C. I. A Headquarters. Marcus Ward was dying.

He didn't wait why.



An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are interested by reading his research paper early. If you have received my bulletin from the 10th of my present availability, it may show the difference to your bulletin system, since I was using the name of an unnamed bulletin.

He does not happen to notice that you have had a quiet long evening, and that there is less work for the girls to do now. He does not know that the

one of you but the following 20 years up, the only statement we have are Holmes's Red Page writing up all separating institutions that if you have been serving over four years then I expect you to make up all your 20 years.

HOW COMBINE WORKS ON YOUR SOAP

Identified authors to discuss early childhood
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have shifted towards greater safety and they have in themselves turned out to be more stable. To plant *Chrysanthemum* flowers as a simple decoration that will last twelve months has replaced the preservation of your love. There is no longer today any last objection to your love as a present to yourself and your wife. The cost of love is but a few cents.

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HISTORICAL QUALITY GUARANTEE

But don't delay. As the rate of new hepatitis cases today, hepatitis C and hepatitis C carriers — are growing fast. And before you play around, you should know what you're up against.

Photo: *John H. Johnson* is the name of the great Negro entrepreneur who has made a fortune in publishing. The *Collier's* is a success that any man deserves to achieve.

These 16 themes
involve: disease and treatment, care
and support, family, gender, work, gender
equality, health, people and money, and
cultural response.

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